



is from the German.

precious of no one so much as

be bettering of the heart brings

phy seeks truth; theology finds

it always what thou knowest,

th will not adapt itself to us;

not any religion. It is easy,

you canst see, see, and use

it well, but in things invisible

old have to run naked in the

we are to strip ourselves of all

sergeant's wife.

is an able man, who should

O. be,

troubled with a thorn within

that cannot be removed; that's

d to him for life;

her's pointed at both ends—

it is his wife!

the uniform he'd wear, when

she says, "They play the fool,

beat a big old drum;

parting shot she flings—three

on love the Army more than

you do your wife!"

returns she gets a chance to

some spiteful thing—

the saint! You're late a-

she makes the homestead

she frowns; looks sad—she

her jaw-bone hangs for strife;

scandal oils the tongue of our

sergeant's wife!

on all must go to CHURCH.

sometimes she goes there,

d in ornaments of gold, and

ing of the hair;

I not be Salvationists," she

or there'll be strife!"

THE WAR CRY.

THE EMBEZZLEMENT OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

By A. M. N.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARREST.

The scene is changed from the stilling, drink-charged atmosphere of a West-End life to a quiet, sleepy town in Hampshire, whither Henry Whitecliff had gone to spend a month's holidays.

In the interval, events had moved with rapidity. His embezzlements were more frequent, and for heavier sums of money; so heavy, indeed, that he deemed it prudent to deposit, week by week, large amounts with a private bank, which was managed by a Jewish father and son in the East of London. There is no doubt that towards the end of this stage of his career Henry Whitecliff was huffed between the devil of guilt and the deep sea of self-preservation. He would lie awake for hours at night gazing at the bed-posts, but rarely picturing in his mind the final result of his deceit, adultery, and fraud.

Haunted by the fear that the woman who knew his secrets was not safe out of his sight, he succeeded in procuring for her a situation in the firm, on the plea that she was the destitute daughter of a poor country clergyman.

This arrangement, however, only plunged him into deeper misery, and revealed the deeper depths of infamy in his character. She "took on" with other men in the firm, and when Whitecliff objected, she "turned round" upon him.

"Say one word more," she cried, on one of these occasions, "and I will arrange to ornament your wrists with bracelets!" haughty. He was then in her cruel, tight, and horrible grip. Oh, the wiles of sin!

At any moment she might "peach" on him; at any moment the firm might discover his fraud; at any moment an anonymous letter to the firm from the East-End Jews might lead to an investigation of his books, and then—

"Oh, God!" Whitecliff would exclaim.

Fear, misery, conscience, at length drove him to resign his position, much to the disappointment of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Stone, especially when they learnt that he had secured another situation at an increased salary. They offered to advance his salary. But, no; Whitecliff, with many regrets on his lips, handed over his boots to his successor, left without arousing the slightest suspicion, and began his new work, determined to lead an honest and pure life.

In this he was in a measure successful. He cut himself free from the woman. He employed his evenings in reading and recreation, and London town, that seemed before to be filled with ghosts, was now bright and pleasant. For months he tasted the sweets of honest labor, though, at times, the past rose before him like a ghastly nightmare.

He went for his holidays the purest and sweetest he had ever enjoyed. He rose early and listened to the song of the lark till the well of his emotions was stirred. The perfume from the new hay, the buds of the many flowers in the garden, the feathery hedges by the roadside, the trees of the wood, the poplars surrounding the mansions of the rich, and the ripple of the brooks, were his chief delights. His heart was sick of sin. Like the prodigal, he had come to himself; but, unlike him, he knew not of a father's love and a father's home.

The morning before the termination of his holiday, Henry was, strange to say, unusually fearful of danger. He dressed with extreme care, spent a long time over his breakfast, and, with a melancholy air, he took up a book, entitled "The God of Gold," and went out for his morning stroll.

He had not proceeded a dozen yards, however, when a well-dressed, stalwart and polite man approached.

"Mr. Whitecliff, I presume," said he, with a courtesy that might have given satisfaction to a prince.

"Yes—that's my name," replied Henry Whitecliff, nervously.

"Well, I have an unpleasant duty to perform, and one which would be better expiated indoors."

"You have a warrant for my arrest," said Whitecliff, in a voice of almost joy; "you are a detective?"

"Now, we not discuss the situation, Whitecliff. You have evidently been expecting me, and, as you are not going to throw any obstacles in my way, I shall treat you as well as the rules of my profession will allow. But, let me warn you that any statement you make now will be used against you at the trial."

At the word "trial" Whitecliff turned quite pale, and—as they had by this time reached his lodgings—he almost fainted. "Mrs. Deal," he said, as the door opened to his knock, "I have altered my plans. Bring my bill down with you at the same time."

"Beg pardon, sir; what shall I do about the dinner? I have it under weigh for yourself and cousin."

"Cousin?" whispered the detective.

"I am visiting him, Mrs. Deal, not to come to-day; the fact is, I have urgent business in London" (the detective smiled) "which will require me taking the 1.20 train."



At the Police Station.—The Clerk Takes Particulars of the Charge.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Songer" (again the detective smiled); "but I hope, sir, you will come again next year when you have your holidays. You have been such a quiet and obliging visitor," and Mrs. Deal, looking somewhat suspiciously at Mr. Whitecliff's "friend," left to fetch the refreshments.

As the train drew near to Waterloo, Henry Whitecliff, who had maintained a heavy spirit on the journey, and talked freely with his companion, asked if he had any idea as to the amount he had been charged with embezzling.

"£5,000, or thereabouts, I believe is the sum."

"Yes, it would come to that altogether."

"Of course, you might have known that you would be discovered. If you had confessed to the firm before leaving, it might not have gone so hard with you as it will now."

Whitecliff acknowledged the fact, and inwardly cursed the day his eyes met the woman.

"She played me false, didn't she?" asked Whitecliff.

"Turned quite round on you, and others as well; but they have bolted, and it will take all our wits to catch them."

"Is there a warrant out for Turner?"

"Yes; on half-a-dozen separate charges. Do you know where he is?"

"I have not the slightest notion. He frequents the Club."

"Oh, he has not been seen there since you left Ward, Lock, and Stone. Perhaps you may meet him in the future. But here is Waterloo, Whitecliff. Keep your heart up, and go through the biz. like a man."

But when the son of the Putney squire put his foot on the stone steps that led to the police-station, he paused as if his heart had suddenly ceased to beat, and he cried, "Oh, God! has it come to this?"

Not far away—unknown to the prisoner—was a woman, dressed in gay attire, who watched the two men enter the police-station. "That is the last of that fool!" she exclaimed, laughing heartily.

Do not be so sure, madame. You will meet him again, when your conscience, now seared by the iron of shame, will thunder forth the anathemas of God and spoil your feast of pleasure and your night of sin.

(To be continued.)

FIRST STEPS.

A Voice from a Convent.

An article in one of our recent War Crys named a number of vices, and called them the devil's tools. One of them was gambling. I would like to go back to first steps in gambling, which are cards and pool. Many young men enter a game at pool honestly, believing that they will never be induced to gamble. It was so with me, and it has brought trouble upon trouble to me and



II.—THE ROMANS.

Chapter XLVII.—Continued.

VALENTINIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

Gratian felt that he alone could not cope with the dangers that beset the Empire, and his brother was still a child; so he gave the Eastern Empire to a brave and noble Spanish General, named Theodosius, who was a Catholic Christian, and baptized, and who made peace with the Goths, gave them settlements, and took their young men into his armies. In the meantime, Maximus was growing more powerful in Britain, and Gratian, who chiefly lived in Gaul, was disliked by the soldiers, especially for making friends with the young Gothic chief Alaric, whom he joined in hunting in the forests of Gaul in a way they thought unworthy of an Emperor. Finding that he was thus disliked, Maximus crossed the Channel to attack him. His soldiers would not march against the British legions, and he was taken and put to death, bitterly lamenting that he had so long deferred his baptism (all now it was denied to him).

Young Valentinian went on reigning at Milan, and Maximus in Gaul. This last had become a Christian and a Catholic in name, but without laying aside his fierceness and cruelty, so that when some heretics were brought before him, he had them put to death, entirely against the advice of the great saint and Bishop then working in Gaul, Martin of Tours, and likewise of St. Ambrose, who had been sent to Valentinian to make peace with the Gallic tyrant.

It was a time of great men in the church. In Africa a very great man had risen up, St. Augustine, who, after doubting long and living a life of sin, was drawn to the truth by the prayers of his good mother, Monica, and when studying in Italy, listened to St. Ambrose, and became a hearty believer and maintainer of all that was good. He became Bishop of Hippo in Africa.

But with the good there was much of evil. All the old cities, and especially Rome, were full of a strange mixture of Christian show and heathen vice. There was such idleness and luxury in the town that hardly any Romans had hardihood enough to go out to fight their own battles, but hired Goths, Germans, Gauls, and Moors; and these learned their ways of warfare, and used them in their turn against the Romans themselves. Nothing was so much run after as the games in the amphitheatres. People rushed there to watch the chariots, and went perfectly wild with eagerness about the drivers whose colors they wore; and even the gladiator games were not done away with by Christians, although these sports were continually preached against by the clergy, and no really devout person would go to the theatres. Much time was idled away at the baths, which were the place of talk and gossip, and where there was a soft, steamy air, which was enough to take away all manhood and resolution. The ladies' dresses were exceedingly expensive and absurd, and the whole way of living quite as sumptuous and helpless as in the times of heathenism. Good people tried to live apart. More than ever became monks and hermits; and a number of ladies, who had been much struck with St. Jerome's teaching, made up a sort of society at Rome, which busied itself in good works and devotion. Two of the ladies, a mother and daughter, followed him to the Holy Land, and dwelt in a convent at Bethlehem.

Maximus, after a time, advanced into Italy, and Valentinian fled to ask the help of Theodosius, who came with an army, defeated and slew Maximus, and restored Valentinian, but only for a short time, for the poor youth was soon murdered by a Frank chief in his own service, named Arbogastes.

(To be continued.)

"Oh, what a laughing-stock to hell is a light, frivolous, easy, lukewarm professor! Oh, what a shame and puzzle to the angels in heaven, and what a supreme disgust to God!" Mrs. Booth.

From Alaska to Vancouver

During a terrific Northern blizzard on the evening of the fifteenth of January, I stepped on board the S. S. Cottage City, which was to convey me away from place and people I had learned to love so dearly.

Owing to the severity of the storm we did not leave till the morning of the seventeenth. The trip was a rough one, and I suffered with sea-sickness, but despite it all I enjoyed the trip.

A number of natives were aboard on their way to Sitka, and as I mingled with them inquiring about their spiritual welfare, I found one quite ill and on inquiry found he was a comrade in arms from Saxman, where he reports there are fifty good S. A. soldiers, all natives; thus you see the good work goes on. You may rest assured I did what I could for the sick brother, physically and spiritually, and something was said and done for the Master amongst the others as well.

At Sitka

We landed at Sitka near noon of the 18th., and immediately took the sick brother to the Sitka Mission Hospital, Dr. B. K. Wilbur, the physician in charge, after examining the patient, decided that he was suffering from a contagious disease, (chicken pox), and consequently could not be admitted to the hospital. I might say here that the main object of the hospital is to provide for the sick of the Training School, which is under the care of "The Woman's Board of Home Missions," of the Presbyterian Church, but the work is not limited to this, as native adults or children are received at any time. However, arrangements were made for our sick man in a private house, Dr. Wilbur kindly tendering his services.

Though suffering from that dreadful sea-sickness, I was determined to make use of the few hours at my disposal and called at the goal; it was not a day on which visitors were admitted, but through the courtesy of the United States Marshall, and after stating it was for his spiritual welfare only, I was admitted.

To See Jim Hanson.

He was pleased to see me; he is looking remarkably well, and in reply to my enquiry, he said, "I am happy and trusting in Jesus;" his faith unshaken even in adversity; God bless him.

I met several of our Skagway native converts, who are now living at Sitka, and a number of others who are interested in our work. I should have enjoyed being with them a couple of weeks and help push the battle along. Meetings are held every night by our Presbyterian friends four nights in the week, and our soldiers and Penit Mission Workers the remaining nights; all working in harmony and unity. I had the pleasure of attending one meeting, which I enjoyed

very much. I also called on the Superintendent of the Training School, who kindly showed me the different departments at work. I was also shown through the Sheldon Jackson Museum, which contains a large and interesting collection of

Alaskan Curios

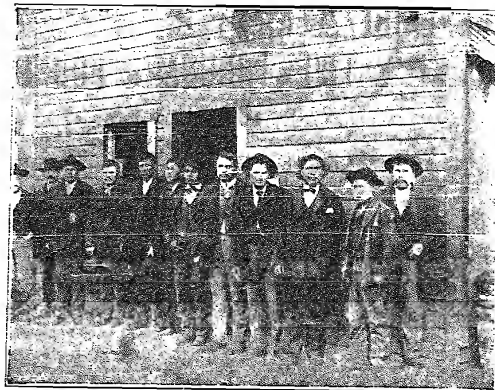
and mementoes of old Indian customs, given to the Museum by the converted natives, who gave up their old customs to follow Jesus, Praise Him.

Leaving Sitka, we touched at Killisnoo, Juneau, Hoonah, Ketchikan, and Wrangell at all of these places there is a great work to be done.

At Wrangell, though I had only forty-five minutes, I called on Sister Miller of the Penit Mission, who is doing a noble work. After a few minutes she informed me that one of our native soldiers from Jackson had been brought to town with a broken limb. Brother Johnson came with me and I called on him, talked and prayed with him, and left him cheered, strengthened, and trusting fully in God.

Everywhere the cry was, "Is there an officer coming?" May God answer their prayers; there is truly work for more than one.

As I transhipped at Victoria, I had the pleasure of attending a meeting, and meeting Ensign and Mrs. Cummins and comrades. I landed at Vancouver, and as you are so doubt kept fully informed as to the good work being done here, anything I could say would be superfluous, so will close by subscribing myself as your Skagwayite correspondent and comrade.—H. N. McNaughton.



The Indians Implicated in the Murder of the Hortons.

spirit upon us, and ere the day was over our faith was rewarded. The Colonel's original and forceful way of putting the truth in connection with the three splendid addresses that he delivered during the day was made of great blessing to all concerned.

Monday, some business was trans-

The Colonel's talk on the Monday evening, which concluded this special series of meetings, was pronounced by a number of his hearers to be the best that they had listened to for years.

The crowds were blessed and inspired, and everybody would be delighted to see the Colonel and Major come back for another visit to Bowmanville in the near future.

In all, eight men and women gave themselves to God and found deliverance.

LISGAR STREET SPECIALS.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanyon Visit Lisgar Street.

The meetings on Saturday night, Sunday morning, and afternoon were conducted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanyon, while the Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs took hold of the reins at night.

Some very hot truths were poured into the ranks of Satan; as a result, four souls came to the mercy-seat.

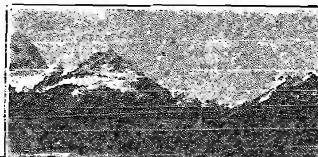
This finished a series of two weeks' meetings which had been conducted at Lisgar St. During that time the crowds have increased, much interest has been awakened, souls have been saved, and soldiers inspired to a more desperate warfare.

Major and Mrs. Smeeton also assisted in the meetings on Sunday.

Ensign and Mrs. Sims have a good hold of this place and there is every prospect of great things being accomplished during the siege.

Devil, debt, doubt, death, despair, double dealing, dirt, disease, drink, despair, and damnation are all relatives from the lower regions.

The Place of the Murder.



Searching for the Bodies of the Victims.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AT BOWMANVILLE.

A Successful Three Days' Campaign—Eight Men and Women Consecrate Themselves to God.

For several days considerable interest centred around the coming visit of Colonel Jacobs and Major Turner to Bowmanville, and everybody was looking forward to a treat in connection with the coming visit.

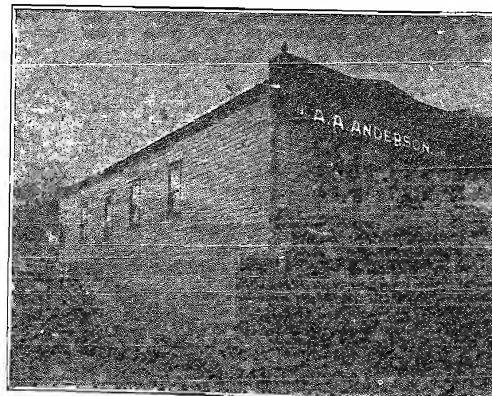
Promptly at 7.30 a.m. the Chief Secretary was on hand ready for the open-air. On our return from the march we found at the barracks a huge crowd waiting to greet the Colonels.

After a few preliminary remarks, Sergeant Lawyer Galbraith read an address of welcome, assuring the Colonel and Major Turner of the loyalty of the Bowmanville Corps to God, the Flag, and the General, also gratefully acknowledging the good work of the officers.

On behalf of the Colonel, the Major replied suitably to the above, thanking the soldiers and friends for their hearty wishes. The Saturday night meeting was a real "free-and-easy", followed by some hard hitting truths by the Colonel. We closed the day looking forward for a big day on the morrow.

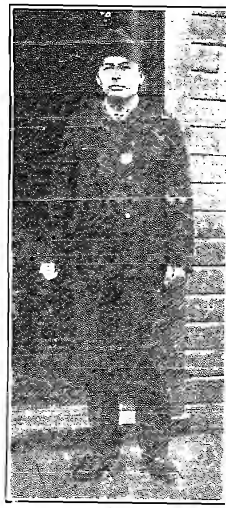
Sunday all day God came near to us. In the knee-drill our prayers went up to God that He might pour out His

acted in the morning. In the afternoon quite a crowd assembled for another holiness meeting conducted by the Colonel. This meeting was made a great blessing to all.



Justice and Mercy.

Upstairs in this building the murder trial took place; in the par may be seen part of the Salvation Army barracks, in which Jim Hanson got converted.



Jim Hanson.

The saved murderer, condemned to death, but pardoned by President McKinley. Jim Hanson voluntarily confessed his crime after his conversion.

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Every-Day Religion.

BY THE GENERAL.

ABOUT FOOD.

3. A MAN OR A WOMAN'S FOOD HAS MUCH TO DO WITH THEIR ABILITY TO SING, AND PRAY, AND BELIEVE, AND TALK. A hearty meal of the plainest food, or a small quantity of rich viands, will make my brain feel like a log of wood, and render speaking an absolute torture. I have no doubt that it is so, more or less, with numbers of speakers, who are either ignorant of the fact, or too fond of the knife-and-fork business to curb their appetites for the sake of their duty.

4. EATING AND DRINKING HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH THE SHORTENING OF MANY PEOPLE'S LIVES. Drunkenness is charged with the destruction of an enormous number of people, but I very much question whether more folks do not die of over and unwise eating than of overdrinking. I have made that remark again and again in the presence of many physicians of eminence in their profession, but not one of them ever called it in question; on the contrary, the bulk of them have assented to it.

Can I advise in the matter of what is taken in the shape of food? First of all I would say:—

1. MAKE A CONSCIENCE OF THE MATTER. What a number of individuals I have known, during my life-time, who, though they would not on any account sin against their neighbor by injuring his person, regularly sin against their own bodies by eating and drinking what they know will injure them!

But it is asked, "What must we eat and drink?" This question is preceded by another of equal or greater importance, and that is, "What shall we avoid?" I answer:—

1. DON'T TAKE ANY INTOXICANTS. I need not say this to Salvationists, nor need I give any reason for saying it; and yet I will call your attention to two or three:—

(a) You will not be any the better for using them.

(b) You may be a great deal worse

for taking them in moderation. They may create the appetite for drinking to excess.

(c) If you could take them in moderation, there may be children in your home who will imbibe, at your table, a taste for the little drops that may carry them to the drunkard's grave, and to the drunkard's hell.

I am sure you could not, in any shape or form, drink the stuff that brings so much sin and misery to the world. So, no intoxicants on any condition whatever!

2. NO TOBACCO IN ANY FORM, whether smoked, snuffed, or chewed.

3. NO OPIATES, whether in drops, drafts, pills, or smoke.

4. NO CHEWING OF SWEET-VEGETABLES—that is, as a habit. The little children may have a few peppermints and the like now and then. But boys and girls, men and women, should put away childish things.

5. I WOULD SAY NO PICKLES OR OTHER FANCY CONDIMENTS, anyway, as far as possible. This list embraces mustard, pepper, and a long catalogue of other things so commonly taken to whet the appetite.

6. DON'T EITHER EAT OR DRINK ANYTHING, HOWEVER PALATABLE, OR STRONGLY RECOMMENDED, OR COMMON ITS CONSUMPTION MAY BE, WHICH YOU HAVE REASON TO FEAR WILL NOT AGREE WITH YOU.

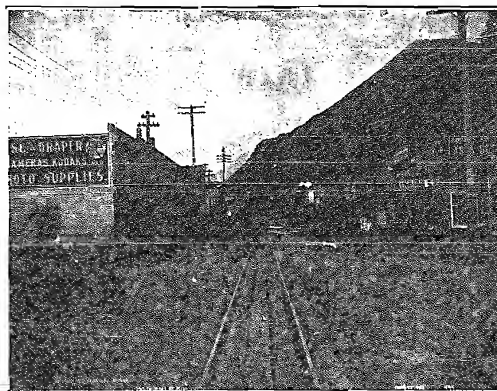
WHAT MAY BE TAKEN

1. Coffee, tea, cocoa, or other hot drinks—but only in moderation. You is the safest of the catalogues, and will be found adapted to the largest number of constitutions. Anyway, this applies to European and the other nationalities that have sprung from the same stock, however it may suit the Asiatics and the denizens of other similar climates.

2. Animal food should be eaten once a day only. There are multitudes who would be wiser, stronger, holier, and happier without meat altogether.

3. But counselling people what to do, and what not to do, when their palates are concerned, is a most unbecomable business, and next door to useless. Nevertheless, there is one piece of advice, given many years ago by an eccentric old doctor to a patient in reply to the query, "What can I eat?" that I will pass on. "Well," said the doctor, "the fender and fire-irons would not suit you, so don't take them; but you can take anything else that you can digest, only take it in moderation."

The quantity of food has almost as much to do with the benefit derived from it, or in injury inflicted by it, as the



Broadway, Skagway, Alaska. (From photo taken at midnight.)

quality. Instead of everlastingly finding fault with the food, and changing from one thing to the other, it would be a good plan to see how you could get along with only half the quantity usually taken.

(To be continued.)

"What is the world dying for?—downright, straightforward, honest, loving, earnest testimony about what God can do for souls. That is what those poor men in the shops, those walking up and down the streets, in the theatres, in the dancing saloons, in the concert rooms—everywhere, that is what men want: somebody to come and take them lovingly by the collar, and tell them that God is God, and that He can save them."—Mrs. Booth.

"Are you guilty of blasphemy? If so, don't forget that while you may be thoughtless and gay about your work, that if unforgiven, every moment you are drifting, drifting, drifting to an awful doom; that you have insulted God and broken His law; that you have brought upon your soul the guilt of sin and the righteous wrath of Him Whom you thus have wronged, and that you have invited a fearful penalty which your soul must meet and suffer for ever and ever, unless you repent and leap into the life boat of salvation."

"Go for the Worst."

(To our frontispiece.)

The winged words of the General contain the commission which Christ gave to His church, to seek those that are lost. If the world is going to be saved, it can only be done by going for the worst men and turning them by the unlimited power of God into living assets of Heaven.

The bog of sin and crime, stagnant, and filled with the hideous creatures of darkness and filth, lies in the way of the world, and legions of men and women are sinking in it to-day. The rich in their seclusion drive past it and never see it; the noise of their carriage wheels drowns the cry of despair. Others in their self-sufficiency morally have no occasion to go near the bog of iniquity to understand its terrible nature. The self-righteous hold up their skirts so as not to defile their garments, and say in the consciousness of their superiority: "It serves those people right to perish: why do they venture near it?" The fatalists say, "It is a pity that these people suffer so much, and must ultimately perish," and look on with hands in their pockets. The sentimental people shriek hysterically and cry, "Is there no help for these poor wretches?" while they wring their hands.

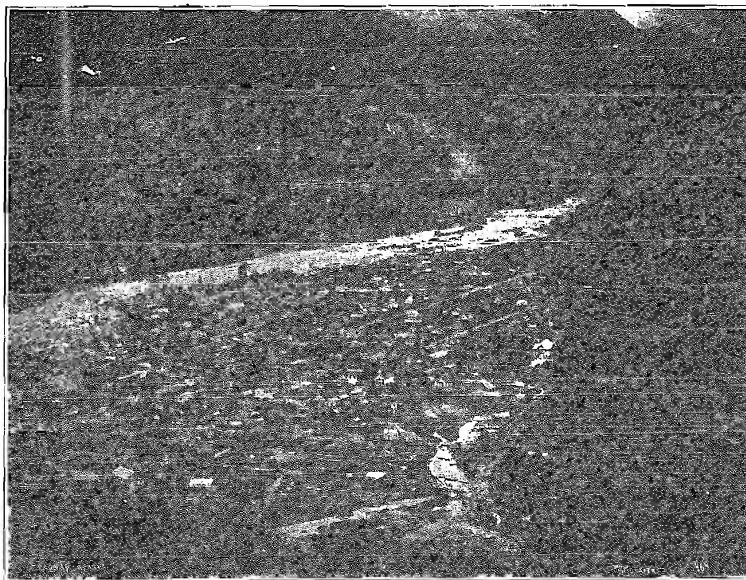
Our Business is to ACT.

Go down to the very edge of the bog, reach out your hand, and haul the sinking sinners from the depths of their degradation onto the firm foundation of Salvation in Christ. Let us ACT then, and not only talk and sing about it. Sinners are sinking; souls are drifting; time is passing; opportunity is before you NOW to do.

"Go for the worst." There is a great deal of looking for the "nice" sinners; the congenial persons; those who look fairly respectable and are likely to give well in the collection, and otherwise will be "a credit" to the corps. This is the human side of looking at things. But to our own heart there is a greater satisfaction in getting hold of a worthless, shiftless, outcast, shunned, despised, and almost damned soul and turning him by the power of Christ into a sober, industrious, respected and useful man. And in the ledgers of Heaven, those cases of conversion count much to our good in the Profit and Loss account of this world.

"Go for the worst," because if the Salvation Army will leave them alone then who will seek to save them? We are the only friends they often have; if we give them the "cold shoulder" their last hope in man is gone, and they sink without remedy.

Let this Siege be indeed a delivering of the lost.



SKAGWAY, ALASKA.



the Hortons.

Let's talk on the Monday which concluded this special meetings, was pronounced by of his hearers to be the best had listened to for years. eds were blessed and inspired. everybody would be delighted. Colonel and Major came another visit to Bowmans near future. light men and women gave to God and found deliver

STREET SPECIALS.

Mrs. Jacobs and Staff-Capt. and tanyon Visit Ulgar Street.

things on Saturday night, morning, and afternoon were by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. while the Colonel and Mrs. & hold of the reins at night. hot truths were poured rules of Satan; as a result, came to the mercy-seat. ebed a series of two weeks' while had been conducted St. During that time the increased, much interest awakened, souls have been soldiers inspired to a more warfare. d Mrs. Smeeton also assisted meetings on Sunday. and Mrs. Sims have a good is place and there is every great things being during the Siege.

t. doubt, death, deceit, dirt, disease, drink, despair, tion are all relatives from the



by be seen part of the Salvation Army

our Soldiers Page

MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS.

Orion and the Pleiades
Among the constellations shine;
They have proclaimed for centuries
Their great Original—divine.

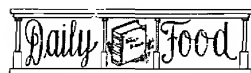
I watch them from my window now,
And think of that most wondrous King
Who died for us so long ago,
That we below His praise might sing.

Yes, He Who formed the stars above,
Came down for mortal man to die;
To save from sin, to show His love,
He left His home beyond the sky.

The countless worlds are held in
place,
And guided by His hand alone;
Through all the boundless realms of
space,
Creation sways, His power to own.

Yet, though He rules the universe,
He, for a time, made earth His home,
His sacrifice removed the curse,
And we no more in exile roam.

Elsie M. Graham.



SUNDAY.—Psalm i.

How vividly the two ways—upward
and downward leading—are contrasted.
Mr. do not intend to go deeply
into sin, but they WALK in its way;
soon they STAND and embrace it,
and they finish up with SITTING
down with the lost to the feast of
death. The righteous are like a tree,
with roots deep down to tap the water
ever present in the ground level with
the river. Such a tree has always
nourishment to grow, and spread, and
prosper.

MONDAY.—Psalm ii.

The Kingdom of Christ will prevail
against all rulers and obstacles. The
gentleness and enduring of suffering
will overcome all crude forces. As
the spiritual will dominate the material,
so those who follow Christ in
simplicity of faith, will prevail and
overcome all that may endeavor to
obstruct their onward march. Those
in responsibility (kings and judges)
are cautioned to be wise, else in the
confidence of their present power, they
forget that they are also subject to the
judgment of the Great Judge of man.

TUESDAY.—Psalm iii.

The Psalmist tasted the depth of
affliction when he fled from his son,
who had usurped his place. Indeed,
there are many who are ready to say
when we are in the lowest place of
humiliation, "There is no help for him
in God," yet the friend of God will
not despair, but look with confidence
towards the promised deliverance in
His own time.

WEDNESDAY.—Psalm iv.

Now David has been restored to
complete trust. He warns his enemies
and looks to His God. Whatever good
or evil men may do to us will pass,
but God's curses and blessings will
endure. Trusting in Him, we need not
worry, but can "dwell in safety."

THURSDAY.—Psalm v.

David directs us to sincere and fervent
prayer. There is no doubt but
that the enemies of Christ will not
prosper. For a time they may press
us hard with temptations and afflictions,
but they will flee. Devils fear
and fly before the name of Jesus.

God's favor is a shield against the
most severe and sustained temptations.

FRIDAY.—Psalm vi.

In sore distress and suffering we
have One Who will and can fully
sympathize with us. To Him let us
retire with our sorrow and find consolation.
Sinners may sneer at our
religion and suggest other relief, but
by faith in God we should turn from
their counsel, for God will surely answer
prayer.

SATURDAY.—Psalm vii.

Misunderstandings need not sorely
distress us. God knows us,
and fully beholds our integrity. Let
others doubt, and be suspicious, or
falsely accuse us, God will undertake
our defence. No Christian need be
alarmed when at a loss how to appear
in the correct light to all men.
Your reputation is in God's hands,
along with your consecrated body,
soul, and spirit, if you are His fully.
He will keep your character clean,
though men may besmear your name.

A Letter from the General

TO

* OUR SOLDIERS. *

MY DEAR COMRADES.—

If I were asked what is the great
need of the Salvation Army of to-day,
I should without hesitation say a
mighty Baptism of

CELESTIAL FIRE.

I am looking for it. Sometimes it
seems as though I could feel the hot
breath of the coming conflagration,
but perhaps that universal downpour
of Holy Flame will not be yet. Of
one thing, however, I am quite sure,
my dear Comrades, and that is, that
I am equally certain that you can have it.

What your condition is I do not
know. You may be already up to the
boiling point, or you may be down to
Laodicean lukewarmness, or you may
be as cold as the North Pole. But if
you are hot, you can do with a little
more heat; if you are lukewarm, you
must be longed for the Holy Spirit to
warm your poor insensate hearts; and if
you are cold, I am sure you will wel-
come the chance of having the Holy
Flame again kindled in your midst.
Oh, seek the Fire!

1. CONSIDER, MY COMRADES,
WHAT THE BAPTISM OF FIRE
WILL DO FOR THE SOLDIERS OF
ANY CORPS. To begin with, it will
burn up—

The Pride that keeps God away
from their hearts.

The Bad Temper that makes them
and everybody else around them miserable.

The Wranglings that destroy the joy
of their Meetings.

The Jealousies that hinder their an-
onymous working.

The Indifference that allows them to
look with unconcern at kindred and
neighbors going down to Hell.

The Unbelief that prevents the co-
operation of the Holy Ghost.

Oh, my Comrades, seek the purifying
flame!

2. THEN, REMEMBER THAT
THIS FIRE WILL CREATE IN THE
HEARTS OF OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS
ALIKE, A FLAME OF
BURNING LOVE. It will make your
hearts—

Hot with Love to Him Who has loved
you with an everlasting Love.

Hot with Love to your Captain, and
make him hot with Love to you in re-
turn.

Hot with Love to one another. Oh,
how precious will be your heavenly
friendship!

Hot with Love to poor Sinners and
Backsliders. You will feel that you
must have them saved or your heart
will break.

WHAT HOT LOVE WILL DO.

3. THIS BURNING LOVE FOR
GOD AND YOUR COMRADES WILL
MAKE—

HOT FAITH. Dismal doubt will fly
and Believing will be as easy as
breathing.

HOT TALKING. When the heart is
on Fire, burning words will be spoken.

HOT SINGING. When souls are
inflamed, their songs will be like unto
those of the burning Seraphs before
the throne.

HOT PRAYING. When the Celestial
Fire burns in the heart, interces-
sions will storm the skies and bring
rich blessings down.

HOT BOMBARDSMENTS of Public
Houses, of Backsliders in their Homes,
and of Sinners in the Streets, in the
Cave, in the Trains, and elsewhere.

HOT MEETINGS, outdoors and in.
Oh, when men and women on fire
meet each other, what a burning there
will be!

IS IT POSSIBLE?

But I think I hear some soldier
saying, "That is a beautiful picture,
General, and most desirable; but how
can we obtain such a Fire in our
Corps? We are so few, and so poor,
and so cold." Or, "We have such small
congregations, or get so very few
souls—how can we hope ever to see
such a Fire?"

Well, my Comrades, from your own
account you are not in a very hope-
ful condition, certainly; but you can-
not be in a poorer state than Elijah
when he stood alone with the whole
Nation against him. But the Fire came
on his feet, and brought the entire
population to his side.

You cannot be in a humbler plight
than were the Apostles after the death
of their Master. They had the world
against them, but the Fire enabled
them to turn the world upside down.

But it only proves that you want the
Fire. "True," you say again, "but
how can we get it?"

Listen, and I will give you a few
hints. Carefully consider them! The
Captain can explain them further:—

1. Settle in your minds that it is the
Fire, God's own Fire, you need.

2. Agree together to seek it. If
every Soldier in your Corps will not
join with you, get as many as will,
and do not be discouraged if only a
few unite. Remember that Jesus
Christ promised specially to be with
the Twos and Threes.

3. Examine yourselves as to whether
or you are clear about your own ac-
ceptance with God. If you are in
doubt as to your forgiveness, get that
put straight right away.

4. Go on to Parity of Heart where
it is not enjoyed. Thousands of Re-
vivals have been obtained all over the
world by Soldiers seeking Holiness.
Parity attracts the Fire.

5. Agree to pray every day for a
definite Baptism of the Fire. Fix, if
possible, a particular time when you
can meet at the Throne.

6. Resolve to do something every
day, either by writing or talking, for
the Salvation of somebody.

7. You can have a Half-Night, or an
All-Day, or something extra at the
Corps.

8. Give a special invitation to Sol-
diers and Ex-Soldiers to attend the
next Soldiers' Meeting.

9. Do something new in the Town.

Find a fresh Open-Air stand, change
the Hour of the Meeting; anyway,
start some new Measures that will
make men take notice of you.

10. Invite all the Backsliders you
can find to your Meetings, and when
they are there, be sure and pray for
them, and try to get them saved.

11. Visit the Sinners in their Homes.
If you cannot call on many, call on
some. Never mind having called be-
fore, call again. See how the Hawker
calls again and again at the same
house until he finds a customer.

12. Strive to get the Holy Spirit
down in every Meeting, and never be
satisfied without succeeding.

13. Go on—on till God comes in
mighty power. He will not disap-
point you if you are sincere and obedi-
ent, and do all you can to gain the
desired success.

14. Go down now, my comrades,
and pray that God will give you the
beginning of a fiery Baptism before
you rise.

* Picked Up. *

Religion may be learned on Sunday,
but it is lived in the week-day's work.
The torch of religion may be lit in the
church, but it does its burning in the
shop and on the street.

Seeing God.

"The life of holiness finds its strength
and beauty in the vision of God. To
know God is life eternal. By faith in
Christ and by the grace of the Holy
Ghost, we have received that spiritual
life which sees God, and hears His
voice, and loves Him, and speaks to
Him with trustful boldness as our Fa-
ther. To know more of God, is to grow
in holiness, and hidden heart commun-
ion with God is the hidden road to this
knowledge."—Mark Guy Penrose.

Straining at a Gnat.

A Scotch correspondent relates that
one Sunday he called at a cottage in the
South of Middlethian, and requested a
measure of milk, which was promptly
handed him. He offered to the woman
who attended his wants a few coppers,
but she curtly responded:

"I cannot take silver on a Sabbath!"
He thanked her, and was turning a-
way, when she whispered:

"Now, ye can drop the bawbees in
that tub wi' the grailh (soap-suds) in't.
I'll get them out the morn!"

Late Vengeance.

On one occasion a sailor, meeting a
Jew, began, without any preliminary ex-
planation, to beat him most unmerciful-
ly. The indignant Israelite, as soon as
he had recovered the breath the sailor
had knocked out of him, asked Jack for
the why and wherefore of his un-Christi-
an proceeding.

"Why, for stoning St. Stephen," said
the sailor.

"Oh! main goodness," screamed the
Jew, "dod habbed two towved years
ago!"

"I don't care if it did," replied Jack;
"I've only just heard of it."

The Road to Happiness.

There is a sure way to find happiness;
that is, to seek the good of others and
forget self. Do duty for Christ's sake.
Minister His life in all around you. Let
self die, crucified on His cross. Let
Christ live in your heart. And happi-
ness, no longer coy and elusive, will
come like a bird to her nest, and make
your heart her home.

There is a sure way to miss it, and
that is to seek it for ourselves. Happi-
ness sought is too elusive. A moment
after we think we have her, she is gone;
and there are many deceivers who par-
ade her stolen garments.—Signs of
the Times.

WHERE HAVE YOU WATCHED JESUS?

By BRIGADIER SCOTT.

(Continued from last week)

Have you watched Him THE
Watched Him, not with curious
of criticism and hatred, the
of a hard heart. No, no! but
ply, full of sympathy, full of
sion, full of love and admiration,
your dying Lord and Master. V
Him suffer and die for the salva-
the whole world.

Come near, my brother and sister,
see your beloved Master die, su-
thorns pierce His brow, see the
trickle down His beloved face,
hard and sharp those thorns a-
they pierce His gracious head
to the sorrows of His last mom-
Sing with me—

"Crowned with thorns, I see
As Thy friends all leave Thee
Bleeding, with a broken heart
For sins that I have done.
Crowned with thorns, I see
None near to relieve Thee
Dying on the cursed tree
For me, the guilty one."

Watch the soldier pierce Him
See how the water and blood flow
His riven side—flow for you,
me, flow for all the world,
jah, for

All the World!

You have heard Him cry, "I
seen His agony, beheld His sor-
ness His grief, heard Him
oh, faint sobbreth; that is
My God, My God, why hast Th
saken Me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46.)

Seen those pierced hands and
that cross raised with His body
seen His peaceful patience and
Watched Him die—die—some
broken heart. Blessed Jesus!
Christ!!

See from His head, His hands,
Sorrow and love flow mingled
Did e'er such love and sorrow
Or thorns compass so rich a

He died, my brother, my sis-
comrade, all for you. Do you
hard at times, hard to follow;
keep up your end, hard to see
will be done?" Then remem-
vary, and gaze upon Him Who
ed the cross.

It may be that your heart
at times get cold and hard
feeling, without that warm lo-
bing, and thrilling your soul.
beloved comrades, come and
Jesus, and see Him on the
"Temptations will come, my
this side of heaven—temptation
up, to forsake Him, to lay
cross, to put up your sword.
moments come, bring yourself
vary, and sing—

"Oh, Calvary! Dark Calvary!
Where Jesus shed His blood
Oh, Calvary! Dark Calvary!
Speak to my heart from the

Sing it again and again. We
die, and say, "They were all
those thorns, those nails, that
side, that sorrow and grief w
me. O Jesus, speak to my h
Calvary!"

Come apart awhile. Leave
for a few moments. Let the
the world's machinery stop
with Calvary. Spend a few
with your crucified Lord. "I
down they watched Him then."

Oh, my comrades, you may
and tempted, harassed, petty
surrounded by ten thousand
difficulties. You may even be
cross, a heavy cross to carry
path to tread; and yet, my
not quite so hard as your M
a Calvary!

Remember Calvary. In yo
loneliness, and hard fight, thi
Who "trod the winepress"
"wounded for our transgressi
with His stripes we are he
lied, 5.)

Ah, remember Calvary!
and see your Lord die, and s
for me!"

For Me!!

While preaching, "Behold
of God," don't forget yourself
heart, and try to keep up a
pure spirit, and watch Him
your soul cry out:
"My Lord, and my God!"

WHERE HAVE YOU WATCHED JESUS?

By BRIGADIER SCOTT.

(Continued from last week.)

Have you watched Him THERE? Watched Him, not with curious eyes full of criticism and hatred, the outcome of a bad heart. No, no! but full of pity, full of sympathy, full of compassion, full of love and admiration for your dying Lord and Master. Watched Him suffer and die for the salvation of the whole world.

Come near, my brother and sister, and see your beloved Master die, see those thorns pierce His brow, see the blood trickle down His hallowed face. How hard and sharp those thorns are, how they pierce His precious head and add to the sorrows of His last moments.

Sing with me—

"Crowned with thorns, I see Thee,
As Thy friends all leave Thee,
Bleeding with a broken heart,
For sins that I have done.
Crowned with thorns, I see Thee,
None near to relieve Thee,
Dying on the cursed tree
For me, the guilty one."

Watch the soldier pierce His side.
See how the water and blood flow from
His open side—flow for you, flow for
me, flow for all the world. Hallelu-
jah, for

All the World!

You have heard Him cry, "I thirst,"
seen His agony, beheld His sorrow, witnessed
His grief, heard Him say, "Eli, eli, lama sabachthani: that is to say,
My God, My God, why hast Thou for-
saken Me?" (Matt. xxvii, 46.)

Seen those pierced hands and feet, seen
that cross raised with His bruised body,
seen His peaceful patience and suffering.
Watched Him die—die—some say, of a
broken heart. Blessed Jesus! Blessed
Christ!

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

He died, my brother, my sister, my
comrade, all for you. Do you feel it
hard at times, hard to follow, hard to
keep up your end, hard to say, "Thy
will be done?" Then remember Cal-
vary, and gaze upon Him Who "endured
the cross."

It may be that your heart and spirit
at times get cold, hard, without
feeling, without that warm love throbb-
ing, and thrilling your soul. Then, my
beloved comrades, come and gaze upon
Jesus, and see Him on the cross.

Temptations will come, come, come,
this side of heaven—temptations to give
up, to forsake Him, to lay down the
cross, to put up your sword. When such
moments come, bring yourself to Cal-
vary, and sing—

"Oh, Calvary! Dark Calvary!
Where Jesus shed His blood for me;
Oh, Calvary! Dark Calvary!
Speak to my heart from Calvary."

Sing it again and again. Watch Him
die, and say, "They were all for me—
those thorns, those nails, that wounded
side, that sorrow and grief were all for
me. O Jesus, speak to my heart from
Calvary!"

Come apart awhile. Leave your work
for a few moments. Let the wheels of
the world's machinery stop while you
visit Calvary. Spend a few moments
with your crucified Lord. "And sitting
down they watched Him there."

Oh, my comrades, you may be tried
and tempted, harassed, perplexed, and
surrounded by ten thousand cares and
difficulties. You may even have a hard
cross, a heavy cross to carry, a thorny
path to tread; and yet, my comrades,
not quite so hard as your Master—not
a Calvary!

Remember Calvary. In your poverty,
loneliness, and hard fight, think of Him
Who "trod the wilderness alone,"
"wounded for our transgressions," and
with His stripes we are healed. (Is.
liii, 5.)

Ah, remember Calvary! Come near
and see your Lord die, and say, "It was
for me!"

For He is!

While preaching, "Behold the Lamb
of God," don't forget yourself, your own
heart, and try to keep up a tender heart,
a pure spirit, and watch Him there until
your soul cries out:
"My Lord, and my God!"

How to Get the Spirit-Filled Life.

THE STARTING POINT.

Ere you start, dear War Cry reader, you must needs be a B. A.—
"Born again" of Our King's College. If you'd hear what God would say:
He not be as many others, hugging with a hope forlorn,
Who oft say, "Is life worth living?" long before they have been BORN.
If you have been born of Spirit, and are willing to be taught;
If you're teachable and humble, you shall not read this for naught.

EVERY BELIEVER'S BIRTHRIGHT.

'Tis your birth-right. This great fullness of the Spirit is for all.
Who deplore their lame experience, and in faith, will heed this call.
God would fill you with His fullness, and would give you power to boast,
As the men who bring Revivals, controlled by the Holy Ghost.
Why should we on lower lies crawling, setting crumbs, and scraps of meat,
When before God's bounteous table He for each has placed a seat?

A COMMAND TO BE OBEYED.

This great blessing is not optional; if you read you'll understand,
In Ephesians five, verse 18, "Be ye filled," is a command.
Just as binding as the other, "Be not drunk," if you fulfil
One command you should the other, or you "commandeer" God's will.
If it is a sin to tarry at the red wine's flowing cup;
Surely 'tis a sin to tarry when God bids you come and sup.

DIFFERENT FROM THE NEW BIRTH.

"Every Christian has the Spirit," some objecting Brethren say;
Some may have, but not to fullness, so will have in different way.
Egypt has the Nile, but only, when this river overflows
Is the land of Egypt watered, as each first-born school-boy knows.
So it is with Christian workers, there must first the flowing be,
Ere we get the OVERTFLOWING, and the "signs-that-follow." See?
If you doubt me, search the Scriptures; in each Testament you'll find
This great double-truth recorded—though some read it who are blind.

EVERYBODY'S NEED.

Some say that this Second Blessing is but for a favored few;
But this is a lie of Satan's, meant to induce such as you
Washer-woman, tinker, tailor, sought it as footmaker did;
And they all received the Spirit—from none was this blessing hid.
Fools are we, if we neglect it; and God's cause will suffer loss,
For the crowds won't be attracted, as they should be, to the Cross.

PREVENTATIVE AGAINST BACKSLIDING.

How instructive 'tis to notice that the early Christians were
Anxious that their every convert should this fullness quickly share;
You may read it—Acts the 19th; Acts the 9th and 17th too—
And then think of modern methods, and what empty Christians do!
If this custom had been followed, thousands would not have backslid,
Nor from any of God's servants would this holiness be hid;
But all ministers would teach it; no, alas! some do not see,
And they do not hide it from us, how these things can really be.

HOW LONG BETWEEN.

Then there is this other question—how long will God wait until
After I've been born of Spirit, God my soul will really fill?
And the answer is recorded, telling not of weeks and days;
God is ever ready for us—through Him there are no delays.
Soon as life comes it may blossom into more abundant life,
And the Rest of Faith be entered, if for it our soul is rife.
But just as a meat will find us, and we will not ever more,
So salvation satisfies us, till its first love joy is o'er.
Then unless we seek a higher blessing than we've ever had,
We become a Jewish Christian, or our end is still more sad.

HOW OBTAINED.

How to get it? That's the question. Surely you must now believe
That there is this second blessing; if not, you will not receive.
Not that God would keep it from you, but, my friend, you must comply
With some simple, straight conditions, or the Lord will pass you by.
Cleanse yourself, make full surrender, in the strength of Jesus' name;
Lay your all upon the altar; then, by faith, the promise claim.

W ONG MOTIVES.

But before you further venture, will you not this warning take—
All your aims must be unselfish, since your eye is now at stake.
Not to give you satisfaction; not to give you peace and joy;
Not to please your stubborn fancy, but your fancy to destroy;
To make you a fool, it may be—make you willingly give up,
All that you have earned to cherish. Tell me, will you drink this cup?
As the Master, so the servant; in His way, and not your own.
He will lead you, if you let Him, from the manger to the throne!

CLEANSING.

There must, then, first be the cleansing. He that hath this hope 'tis said,
Purifies unto perfection, being by the Spirit led;
Just as you would cleanse a vessel ere you placed some milk inside,
So you must renounce all evil, and such doubtful things as pride,
Ornaments, and worldly fashion; smoking cigarettes and such—
It is Satan that would whisper, "Don't be righteous overmuch!"
Yet one more mistake I'll mention; cleansing cannot be the end,
But the means to bring it only, ere the blessing shall descend.
And, by faith, you can accomplish what, with doubt, you cannot do;
If you trust God, He will give you faith, and light to use it too.

CONSECRATION: WHAT IS IT?

Consecration follows cleansing, and it means to set apart,
Fearless, for the unknown future, all the functions of the heart;
In consecration God is given, but when we would consecrate,
He becomes, in turn, Receiver, while we simply have to wait.
Consecration means surrender, total, absolute, and true.
For it says, "Present your bodies," as 'tis "reasonable" to do.
Consecration means a transfer; ownership has passed away.
"Not my own, but all for Jesus," you have sung it many a day.
Now you have to manifest it; once for all, for good or bad,
Peering not to face the future, though your friends may deem you mad.
But be sure that you are honest, lest your vows be incomplete,
And you fail to find this wondrous second blessing at your feet.

CLAIMING.

Claiming different is from asking; what is yours you simply claim—
Money in a bank, for instance, that has been laid in your name.
When God gives a definite promise for a definite blessing great,
You, in faith, should claim fulfillment—you have not to ask or wait.
Come as once you came as sinner—just as you tell others to—
"Lord, now fill me! I will trust You! I believe You really do!
I receive it! Lord, I thank Thee for Thy Holy Spirit's power;
Nothing wavering, I will serve Thee—Glory!—from this very hour!"
David Copperfield.



Capt. Brohaut, Hamilton, Bermuda.

To the Sinners and Backsliders,

here's a picture for you, something to
charm and draw you from earth's toys,
something to admire, to love, to serve,
and to bring you to salvation, to God
and heaven.

"Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross!
For us He shed His precious blood
On the cross!

Oh, you who still His love defy,
And all His grace and power deny,
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the cross!"

Sinner, see Him die for you. Back-
slider, see Him die for you. Resolve
to kneel at the Cross, confess your sins,
forsake them, and live a true life of
godliness and hope for everlasting life.
Sing—

"O Lamb of God, I come!
O Lamb of God, I come!
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

A young nobleman, on one occasion,
saw the picture of Christ, crowned with
thorns. In the midst of his pleasure his
spirit troubled him, his conscience ac-
cused him of sin and selfishness, where-
upon he exclaimed, "If that be true,
this cannot be true," and finally gave
himself to Christ.

Poor wanderer, if He died for you,
and suffered on the cross, is it right for
you to sin against Him, to reject all
His love and mercy? No, no! Then
why not come to Him just as you are,
just where you are, and come now?
The Lord of heaven bless you and
bring you to your Saviour.

Desperation.

"Get hold of God. Ask Him to baptize
you with His Spirit until 'the
zeal of His house eats you up.' This
Spirit will burn His way through all
obstacles of flesh and blood, of forms,
proprieties, and respectabilities—of
death and rottenness of all descrip-
tions! He will burn His way through,
and produce living and telling results
in the hearts of those to whom you
speak; earnestness—such earnestness
that it comes to desperation—like that
of Paul's, who counted all things but
dross; yea, and who counted not his
life dear unto Him. That was the
secret."—Mrs. Booth.

Neglected Opportunity.

"I shall never forget the agony de-
pleted on the face of a young lady
who once came to see me. My heart
went out to her in pity. She told me
her story. She said, 'I had a proud,
ungodly father, and the Lord con-
verted me three years before his
death, and from the very day of my
conversion, I felt I ought to talk to
him, and plead and pray with him
about his soul; but I could not muster
up courage. I kept intending to do it,
and intending to do it, until he was
taken ill. It was a sudden and serious
illness. He lost his mind, and died
unsaved,' and she said, 'I have never
sinned since, and I think I never shall
any more.'—Mrs. Booth.

Our greatest glory is not in never fail-
ing, but in rising every time we fail.—
Confucius.



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Editorial.

Important Staff Changes.

For some weeks now the air has been full of surmises in many quarters concerning the changes in high places. Brigadier Sharp, who has achieved such excellent results through his untiring and enterprising work in Newfoundland, and who is esteemed and beloved throughout the Island, leaves to take command of the Eastern Province. Major Smeeton, Controller of Finances, will temporarily take charge of Newfoundland affairs. Major Pickering also leaves an excellent record in the Eastern Province. Mrs. Pickering's health has made a change of appointment especially desirable. The Major will assume the leadership of the Central Ontario Province, and we assure him of a hearty welcome to the centre.

Major Turner, the Assistant Provincial Officer who has worked well in the Central Ontario Province under Brigadier Gaskin, and during the illness of the latter practically assumed the control of affairs, goes as full fledged P. O. to East Ontario and Quebec Province. We feel assured that his push and perseverance will earn for him success.

Spiritual Specials.

For some time now, the Commissioner has had under consideration a plan to systematically include the whole Territory in the visits of Spiritual Specials to stimulate the corps work, assist the officers in arousing the general interest, and above all, in bringing about the salvation of souls in greater numbers, and deepening of spiritual life. For this purpose several of the Provinces have already special troops who have visited many of the corps of these Provinces with splendid results. The purpose of these Specials is purely spiritual. The Commissioner has now appointed Brigadier Pugmire as Territorial Spiritual Special. All who know the Brigadier's abilities on the platform, and have seen him manage a prayer-meeting, will at once agree with us that the appointment is a "happy hit." Brigadier Pugmire is sure to prove a great blessing to the Territory in his new capacity, and there is no doubt that his new appointment will be hailed with much satisfaction. The Commissioner will shortly appoint another Staff Officer of high rank to similar work.

The Annual Social Report.

The Commissioner has decided that the Annual Social Report shall be published in the special Easter number of the War Cry, instead of taking the

form of a separate pamphlet. The advantage of this decision can readily be seen. The Special Report used to be printed in editions of from three to five thousand copies per annum, and sold at the price of ten and fifteen cents each. By printing the Report in a special number of the War Cry, the edition will be about forty thousand copies, and thus make it possible to fix the price at five cents. In this manner, all our readers will receive the Annual Social Report without special cost.

The Easter War Cry promises to be a most interesting issue. The Commissioner will, of course, contribute a special article, the title of which we shall announce in the next issue. Lt. Colonel Mrs. Read will write on the various branches of the Women's Social Work. Lieut.-Col. Margetts and Staff-Capt. Archibald and others will be represented.

A cover, printed in colors, will add to the attractive contents of the enlarged issue, and altogether, the price of five cents will be found very small for our Easter number.

SIEGE ORDERS OF THE WEEK

The Social Branches to Assist in the Siege.

All Must Take the Field.

While the Siege is essentially an effort for the Territorial and Provincial Staffs, the District and Field Officers and Corps, the helpers of the Men and Women's Social Branches, including the League of Mercy, will be also called upon during the Siege to put forth such special effort for the advancement of the spiritual work in our Social Institutions as is within their power.

Make Shelter Corps.

Some Shelters are running a corps in connection with the Social work. One of the good effects of the Siege should be the multiplying of the soldiers and attendance at these, a great increase of interest in the meetings being caused. If a goodly number of the patrons of the Shelter could be converted and he made into soldiers, it would be a "God-send" in more senses than one.

The officers in charge of the Men's Social Institutions are responsible for the following:

Prayers Morning and Night.

To conduct at each Shelter during the Siege, morning and evening prayers with the Shelter Staff, and the men who frequent the Institution.

Also Special Meetings.

To arrange and carry through successfully such other special meetings as are suggested by the Provincial Officer, to whom reports must be sent weekly respecting them.

Women's Rescue Homes.

Every Tuesday night during the Siege a special weekly meeting is to be conducted by different officers and League of Mercy members at the various Homes, the services of the League of Mercy workers being enlisted to visit old cases who may have lapsed into wrong ways, and new girls who may be known as living lives of sin.

Midnight Meetings.

In cities like Halifax, St. John, N.B., St. Johns, Nfld., Montreal, Spokane, etc., midnight services should be con-

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AT KINGSTON.

Victorious Week-end at the Limestone City—28 Souls Seek Pardon and Purity.

Conquering week-end with Adjt. and Mrs. Moore and the Kingston braves—twenty-six penitents for pardon and purity. Touching scenes at the mercy-seat. Excellent congregations. Corps-Cadeis and Candidates' tea and meeting was God-blessed. Six o'clock knee-drill on Sunday morning. Siege target almost assured. Hallelujah!

Brigadier Pugmire.

EASTERN FAREWELL.

Major Pickering's Farewell Tour a Great Success.

Cape Breton farewell Campaign witnessed wonderful achievements: twelve souls; finances splendid. Tour through Annapolis valley, another glorious repetition. Climax reached at Yarmouth week-end. Great crowds; fourteen souls; income superb. Universal regret expressed at the P. O.'s departure. Report following—Staff-Captain Phillips.

Three Notes From the Women's Social Department.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"Issue then, who by Christ are freed, Head, oh! head the world's great need, To save the lost like Him Who saved you, Foremost speed."

Our Women Social Officers

In a recent "Deliverer," Mrs. Brewell Booth writes as follows:—"I feel that special honor is due the Women Social Officers, for theirs is behind-the-scenes labor, without the enthusiasm and exhilaration of constant public meetings, and frequent change of place. They require a most complete consecration to always work at the same material—and that always needed and requiring to be 'made again'—to do the same thing over and over again; to live with their work night and day; to be subject to the keenest disappointments, resulting from the nature of their toil; and yet to keep all the time the freshest and richest of spiritual experiences."

Hamilton Rescue Work.

A few interesting hours were spent in Hamilton this week, very pleased with the condition of everything connected with the Women's Social Department. Adjutant Buckstead, the Matron, is still resting, but Captain Kane and Bell have been managing beautifully. These officers, who also manage the League of Mercy work, have been having very blessed times in the Jail, Hospital, and Aged People's Refuge. The League workers are ever welcome visitors at the Hospital and Refuge. The meetings in the Jail have been a great blessing to the prisoners. In a recent meeting conducted by Captain Bell, six out of thirteen present held up their hands for prayer and to express a wish to live a changed life.

I had the privilege of visiting Mrs. Grizzell, the Sergeant-Major of the League. Our sister has been ill for months, but she is asked for eagerly by the men incarcerated within the prison. Mrs. Grizzell, though deprived of the opportunity of visiting the sick and unfortunate through her own suffering, is still in deep sympathy with the work and told me of her anxiety to be again in her place.

Oh, how much we need, in Hamilton and other places in the Territory, consecrated men and women to take the place of those who are wounded in the battle! Our League of Mercy work is much crippled for the lack of workers to go with Love's message to the widely-opened institutions of this country. Who will fill the need? Let us hear from YOU.

London Rescue Home.

"The outside girls are arranging for a welcome tea for you at their own expense." Staff-Capt. Cowan informed me soon after I arrived in London a few days ago. And a bright, attractive sight met our eyes on entering the dining room. These dear girls, who are erstwhile inmates of the Home, were anxious to show their gratitude for and appreciation of the love that has been shown them in the dark time of sin and sorrow through which they have passed. A delightful two hours was spent in an informal tea-table meeting. They were all very pleased over the promotion of Lieut. Lambert to the rank of Captain. At the close of our little gathering three dear sisters knelt at the Cross.

Our London Rescue work has been wonderfully blessed under the supervision of Staff-Capt. Cowan. The Staff-Captain has been in charge five years and the interest in the Home has steadily increased. Scores of girls have been restored to paths of purity and righteousness.

The friends of our Women's Social Work in the Forest City are ever ready with sympathy and practical support of the work. Dr. Hogg, the Home Physician, is unflinching in his attendance, looking after the health of our large family there daily. He has added to his numberless acts of kindness the generous gift of a new cutter, which was greatly needed.

The League of Mercy is working away faithfully in London, proving as a ray of light and brightness to those whom weekly they cheer by this loving ministrations.

THE COMMISSIONER
Will Conduct Special Meetings at
THE TEMPLE, TORONTO,
Sunday, March 17th, at 11 a.m., 3 and 7.30 p.m.

Three Notes

at the Women's Social Department.

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League of Mercy is working a new life in London, proving a light and brightness to those who cheer by this love.



UNITED STATES.

Commander Booth-Tucker was to have been the guest of the Merchants' Club at Boston last week, but owing to his inability to be present, Colonel Higgins, the Chief Secretary, with Colonels Holland and Brewster, were the Army's representatives. The occasion was a unique one. The menu card was decorated with a miniature Salvation Army band, and inside was given a beautiful picture of our beloved General. One of the dishes brought upon the table was served to each diner covered with a small Salvation Army bonnet, each perfectly made and trimmed in the orthodox fashion. The tables were decorated with the Army colors, the very flowers being selected because their blossom was either red, blue or yellow.

Nothing could have been heartier than the manner in which the Army representatives were received and the Colonization proposals listened to. Among those present were his honor the Mayor of Boston, the Speaker of the State Assembly, the President of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Prof. Brooks of Harvard University, also addressed the Club, and spoke most warmly of the Army's efforts to help the poor by its Colonization plan.

It certainly was a unique sight to see these leading men of the City of Boston all going away that night holding in their hand as a memento of the occasion a small Army bonnet.

Major George Wood reports encouragingly of advances in the Hawaiian Islands. Of late our comrades there have witnessed some wonderful conversions. Lieut.-Col. French will shortly visit this "Paradise of the Pacific."

Brigadier Streeter is better, and the Commander has appointed him to take charge of the Southern Division of the Pacific Province, with headquarters at Los Angeles.

Galveston has been without a hall since the flood, but one has just been secured and the officers have things well in hand.

Small-pox has been interfering with Army operations in some of the towns of the South-western Division.

At Seattle 1, Wash., a saloon-keeper sold his business, sought salvation, and is now an earnest Salvationist.

The prison work in California is being carried on with vigor, and many encouraging conversions are the result.

For the further development of the Colorado and California Colonization Scheme it has been decided to issue thirty-year Gold Bonds to the extent of \$150,000, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, and payable half-yearly. These bonds are of the denomination of \$500 each, and provide for a first mortgage on all the Colony property, also for a sinking fund of two per cent annually. The North American Trust Company of New York has consented to act as trustee for the bond-holders.

AUSTRALASIA.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth have just concluded a remarkable series of Officers' Conferences in the city of Victoria, N. S. W., which Brigadier Horskins prophesies will be the foundation of a great revival in his Province.

A great soul-saving effort, to be known as the Great Commonwealth

Campaign, has been launched by the Commandant, to last throughout March and April.

Major and Mrs. Cunningham, of Java, are passing through deep waters, having lost their little son.

The Indian boys bade farewell to Australia in connection with a series of meetings conducted by the Commandant, in Melbourne.

The stone-laying ceremony of the New Training Houses was announced to take place on Feb. 19th.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The General's latest week-end campaign occurred once more in London, this time in the Stratford Temple Theatre which is situated in one of the thickest artisan areas of the East-End.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

General De Wet and ex-President Steyn, who were reported to be cornered, have succeeded in escaping once more with a force of 1500 Boers who swam with their horses across the Orange river into the Orange River Colony. The crossing of the railway line near De Aar cost De Wet dear. He lost practically all his transport and ammunition, and about twenty prisoners, who were in cages. General Botha and a number of other commandos are operating independently, and it is again rumored that Botha is negotiating for peace. Sir Alfred Milner's journey to Pretoria is supposed to have some bearing on the question. General French captured Scheepers' laager in the Transvaal, taking 300 prisoners and a great quantity of ammunition and cattle, also three guns.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

The Russian Government declares that it has occupied Manchuria only temporarily until order is restored, although it rules practically without restrictions. The Russian occupancy has not been accomplished without some fighting and occasional outbreaks. Only recently 3000 Russians were beaten by 30,000 bandits. Russia is said to be endeavoring to extend its protectorate over Mongolia also, where valuable goldfields are located. The U. S. A. is further reducing its legation guard. France is said to be preparing to withdraw the greater portion of its troops, but will furnish some port, Hankow, with a permanent garrison. Germany has recalled its Asiatic squadron and otherwise there are signs of pacification. The edicts for the punishment of the leaders of the rebellion have been executed, and a feeling of order and authority is returning. The only alarming news has come from the province of Shanxi, where two native Christians reported the massacre of twenty missionaries and nine children who have been missing since October.

GREAT BRITAIN'S BUDGET.

Ten Officers who were connected with the surrender of troops to the Boers have been dismissed from the Army. King Edward has returned from a visit to Cronberg, Germany, where his sister, the Dowager Empress Frederick, at present resides. An-

The General was at his best, and a close observer of the Army (not an Officer) states that in his opinion, "there has seldom been a greater triumph of Salvation Army teaching and tactics, and disregard for mere conventionalities, than in connection with the three Sunday meetings."

It was a stern fight, however. While the Empire is a magnificent building, it is inconceivable for an after-meeting, the necessity of mounting the stage to get at the pent-up form adding strength to the spirit of resistance. But in the night meeting an additional pent-up form was created in the top-most gallery, and the hosts of darkness and hesitancy were completely demoralized and routed. Three thousand people crowded the hall in every part.

Ere the meeting closed eighty-five souls had sought and found salvation at the mercy-seat, making for the week-end the magnificent total of 138.

The Chief of the Staff will hold, as usual, a Corps Cadets' Camp at Hadfield Colaba, at Whitstable. The invitation is extended to Corps Cadets within reasonable distance of London.

Commander Booth-Tucker was present at the Officers' Councils conducted by the General at Leeds and Manchester and was greatly impressed. The General will continue these councils in London this week.

Our comrades in the British Isles are now in the midst of their Annual Self-Denial effort. March 2nd to 8th is to be observed as a week of prayer, and March 9th to 16th as a week of Self-Denial.

It is interesting to note that the father of Commissioner Carleton has entered upon his ninety-first year; that he is still hale and hearty, and writes a letter with firmness and legibility; and that he has been a loyal subject under five different Sovereigns—George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, while he is now upholding the character of his native land as a loyal subject of Edward VII. A fine old man!

The British Commissioner (Combs) continues to prosecute the war in his command with increased energy. He has just conducted a night campaign at Penge—result 50 souls.

Commissioner Cadman is still on the warpath. His late visit to North Hill created a great stir and resulted in thirty souls seeking salvation and the blessing of a clean heart.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth recently conducted a meeting with the wives of our Staff Officers in London. Over 120 were present. The gathering afforded much cheer and encouragement to those present.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner will conduct a special campaign at the Temple on Sunday the 17th inst. This will be preceded by a united Soldiers' meeting on the 15th inst. A great spiritual outpouring is assured, and when these meetings are over the regretted disappointment of last month, occasioned by our leader's illness, will be forgotten.

The eighth edition of the Canadian Song Book is now on the press.

Plans for new buildings at Ottawa and Brantford have been passed by the Commissioner and building operations will commence at an early date.

Many of our readers will remember the picture of a most emaciated baby, sitting on a Stum Officer's lap, which appeared in a recent issue of the War Cry. The child was given up by the doctor, and was considered a hopeless case. It was, therefore, sent to a home for the dying, where it might spend the few remaining days of its life in comfort, and die in peace. This, however, it has sensibly refused to do, and has steadily been growing stronger, until at last it has become so lively and happy that its kind guardians are sorry to have to part with it.

Dr. Hogg, of London, is a staunch friend of our work. He gives his medical services gratuitously to the Women's Social work and has just donated a new center to the Rescue Home.

Major and Mrs. Hargrave have removed their headquarters at Spokane to a more convenient and economical place.

Our Social work at Spokane was seriously hindered by the breaking-out of two cases of small-pox in the Shelter. After fumigation, etc., the place is, however, pronounced free from infection.

Mrs. Major Hargrave has been sick with rheumatic neuralgia.

Our work at Roseland is crippled by the maling depression. The mines are not working full time and the financial side of things is hard.

"God has made you responsible, not for delivering the truth, but for GETTING IT IN—getting it home, fixing it in the conscience as a red-hot iron, as a bolt straight from the throne; and He has placed at your disposal the power to do it, and if you do not do it, BLOOD will be upon your skirts! Oh, this gentle way of putting the truth! How God hates it!" —Mrs. Booth.

SCRAPS FROM THE SKENNA.

The Salvation Army Village Developing—A School House Is Being Built—Cows Are Much Needed—Deaths Abundant—Salvation Is Spreading.

Glen Vowell, Upper Skeena,
January 12th, 1901.

By the time you receive this it may be nearly summer and quite warm, as our mail service is, to say the least, slow and uncertain, but if it should let out of date and you suffer from the heat, it may cool you off a little to hear that it is here about 70° below zero. I have just returned home from a visit, and found everything as expected—peace and order, as solid as a stone; but a lot of fire is doing its work softening things up a bit. There is a ball of ice in the centre of the ink-stand yet, but I manage to get the pen in between it and the glass.

The people have built me a nice house. I have four rooms furnished with new and ancient furniture. We are building a school at present, so you see we are getting along slow but sure. The people do not know much about farming yet, and I desire very much to teach them what little I know in practice and theory in that line. We need a few cows very much, and I hope some of the farmers who hardly know the number of their cattle, will take pity on us, and send up a few to start the ranch with. We have scarcely anything else but dogs so far; each family keeps from three upwards, without limit. I have restricted myself to one; it keeps the good name of Robinson Crusoe fame, "Friday." All the hauling up here in the winter time is done by dogs, so they are not kept for fun only.

The land around our village is very good, and could support far more people than the number which is here. With the exception of myself all the people in this little town are Indians, and speak the Kitchikan language. I find it hard to learn, and yet, for the time I have been at it, I do not believe I am far behind anybody. The people are very happy, and so far as I can see, the Salvation Army suit them to a T. They make very good and earnest soldiers, considering what little they know. Quite a few have been saved this winter, fourteen persons in one meeting.

I myself am very happy and quite at home amongst them now. God has blessed us in every way, and I would gladly give the balance of my lifetime to help the Indians, spiritually and otherwise.

Yours saved to serve,
J. P. Thorikildsen,
Ensign.

The Dynamic Quartette.

Staff-Capt. Stanyon with the Quartette at Collingwood—Meaford Visited—Sergeant Forward—A Meeting with her Two Sons—Seeks Salvation.

"Collingwood," shouted the conductor, and in a few minutes we are making our way to the S. A. quarters close by. Capt. Howcroft's face is smiling as she tells us of the mighty victories she and Lieut. Peacock believe Collingwood will see in the near future. After this prophecy is foretold, and we have a view of the battle ground the first night, and the shoes commence to come thick and fast, and a "Long Tom" is set in position. We begin to feel somewhat of the same opinion.

The "Three hours at the Cross" brought three for the blessing. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were very special days. Staff-Capt. Stanyon being with us. This was the Staff-Captain's first visit to Collingwood in the position as Churchwarden, and it first impressions seem for anything. We believe the addresses given, which were both interesting and powerful, will have a lasting effect. The result of the Sunday night meeting were five souls. After the service on Monday night, Staff-Captain announced that Adj. Newman and Capt. Trickey would proceed to Meaford, while Capt. Corish and Pym held on at Collingwood for another week. The people were so delighted with this arrangement that it brought forth many cheers.

The Staff-Captain had a narrow escape from being benighted. The people were delighted with the results of the meetings which we find were twelve for salvation and five for the

blessing. In visiting one home, two of the inmates were dealt with about their souls and fell upon their knees. One claimed salvation on the spot, while the other cried bitterly, and in the meeting shortly after came to the penitent form. After spending the week at Collingwood, the two who remained joined the others at Meaford, where a revival was going on.

The Week at Meaford.

brought forth good results, which Ensign Lott and Capt. Crego, who are in charge, will testify to. Some of the young men were a little unruly in the meetings, but after a warning they settled down. The Town Hall was secured for the Sunday afternoon and night gratis, and Mr. Owen, the Chief of Police, kindly arranged everything for a successful series of meetings. We are sorry to say that this was the first place our meetings were interfered with by a town band. Twice after we took our stand on the street corner, instead of standing a block or two away, they came and played at our elbows. The first time we gave them the street, but the second time we held our ground. A lively chorus, led off with one or two chorists, assisted by the big drum, several tambourines, and singing by the others, many of them new converts made things interesting. It was not our desire to do this, but when this thing is persisted in, we found more than one way of causing a sensation and bringing the people to the open-air. The crowds

MIKE WISE AT LAST.

St. John, 1901.

Mr. Editor.—

Ye'll see by this that I've tuk a little more, this time, it is for ye. Well, dis-killin' the event, it happened like this: The firm I traveled for tuk a notion to send me out a nut field or hams. So I got a letter sayin, "Kum to Toronto an prepare to go east." I did so wid alackridie, for I wanted to see Toronto and the east.

So I struck for the stitio. An seen me boss he sed, sez he, "Ye kan stay in the stitio for a tu daz it ye like." Or horse "I liked," and consequently staid.

Am-onst other grate things, I went round to see how yer Arme was gittin on, in Toronto, since I seed it last. Droppin in tu yer barracks at Ligar St, wun nite I seed a lot of pepel makin speeches in welkum the nu officer, Mr. Sims. Ther was a fine tim. Mr. Turner was runnin the meetin, an made ou eloquent and intellectual speech; it was ent to make anybody feel welkum, an Mr. Sims lookt pleased.

Well, kummin ou Yonge St, wun da I saw a Salvashun Kaptein wid a kolt skuttie, an a big signbord askin pepel to kontribut to the "Blak Sak Saeeme," fur tu bay hole for the poor. Wuzdnt I struck wid admirashun? Sez yer Arme is alwais lookin after the poor.



The Dynamic Quartette at Orillia, with Officers in Charge of Corps, Capt. Rivlin and Capt. Wilson.

soon lined the streets on both sides, and we fired some Gospel shots. A good number gathered inside.

Sunday night conviction took hold of the people. Just before the prayer meeting a solo was sung: "I have pleasure in His service," then it was asked that all those present whose experience was, "I HAD pleasure in His service," should stand. Several stood with sad hearts, having once enjoyed the pleasure found in a Christian's life. When the prayer-meeting began, a couple of young men, followed by seven others, came to the Mercy-seat. It was a touching sight to see a lady and her two sons kneeling together. Everyone rejoiced over the glorious victory. Monday night was our farewell meeting, and we charged all to be faithful. A rig is at the door, and we are off for Owen Sound.—N. R. T.

"Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."—Acts III. 19.

"There is light for the steps of the bold and courageous—increasing light if followed at all risks. There is a path that is straightforward, there may be difficulties in it, but fervent faith, and the flashings of the sword of truth, will make them vanish away, for they are only as so many shadows to the eye of faith. Confident and sanguine of success, let us go forth unperturbed and to conquer."—Cathartes.

kombin ther hedz or warmen ther toz. I lerned that a yung ladd, who was wunst runnin a rag an bone bizniss, was nobdly engaged in helpin the poor in this wun. Goid bless the Blak Sak Skeeme, sez I, an I put sumthin in the kolt skuttie. It was a good job me left hand did not so what me rite hand was doin, or it mite have bluish.

Well, sez I, I'll see sum more or the Toronto Arme. I was invited to stop wid Mr. Turner over tu nites. Bein a man of intelligens he likes tu gather a good mind around him. Well, goin tu his home wun nite I fell in step wid Mr. Archibald, who luts after savin ou the men in the Sentral Prison. It was a grate chums fir an interviu, an I've alwais noticed that when pepel's harts is in a thing it isn't hard to make them tawk about it, an Mr. Archibald's harts is in this prizin wark. Ye kan see it shinin out of his face.

Sez he, "When I kummens this wark I had hardly tawk tu the men widout breakin down."

"Hallelujah!" sez I to meself, "that's the kind of thing heeds the boys down an makes them want to be good."

An, sure, Mr. Archibald is settin a lot of the boys made good. Over 50, I think, he told me had given ther harts tu the Lord, no was turned to be earnest Christian men.

Well, Sunda kummin, I thot I wad spend part of it at Ligar St. Goin tu nee-drill was a spiritual feast. Mr. Burrows was ther an Mr. Sims; an, wud ye beleve it, ther was me old friend,

Mr. Parker, an I understal he was goin east tu. Wuzn't I tickled? Well often meet at that rate, sez I to meself. Well, the nee-drill was grate. After sum prayer and speakin, the glory began tu kum. Mr. Brown, danst wid George. Some feks hollered, an everybody got warmed up fur the daz wark. Mr. Burrows kloed in his usual elaborate and eloquent manner.

But, sure, me tim in Toronto was sume over, an arter a daz ride on the kars, I struck Montreal on me way East. "I'll wait here a da an see me frens," sez I an sure it was a warm tim fur Mike. Me frens kungratulated me an goid East. Mr. Pugmire laft an fokt an made out it was a fine kumtrie, an the forther you go West the better it got. Mr. an Mrs. Williams sniled and asked Mike sum klose questions while givin him a good dinner.

An, sure, at dinner I met me frens from Vancouver, B. C., Mr. Patterson. We got tawkum, fur I was interested in the West as well as the East.

"How did you like the West?" sez I. "Fine," sez he.

"Ye was runnin the Arme Shelter ther, wuzn't ye?"

"Yes. It was a fine thing," sez he. "An average of 55 men slept ther nightly," sez he.

I was mitie interested and inquired some more.

"Ye ran a wood yard," sez I. "How did it do?"

I was neek nobt down wid the answer.

"We started wid a cord ou wood," sez he, "an went on til we seed \$8,000 worth in wun year," sez he; an Mr. Patterson lookt at me wid his broad smile and big mustache. "Ye a man of bizniss," thinks I, and shakin his hand I went up street.

Mr. Pugmire askt me tu "kum tu tea," an we had a nice tim. I struck fur the frame. Mr. Pugmire and Mr. Purditt seed me rite off (tha are to kind gintlemenn, sure, sir, tha are), an I was away fur the East to lern wisdom such as I had heard about.

After a long journey widout any strikin events, we are rollin inter St. John. I lookt out of the kar winder, tu see sum evidens or bein in a strange kumtrie, but, sure, things were pretty much like wher I kum from. Ther was pepel wid klose on, an houses wid slant rafs, an a little boy slidin down hill on the back-end of his pants. Gettin out of the winder it was a kase or "shall we no each other there?" fur I cud see nobody I every seed before.

By-an-by a gintlemun kum up an askt if I was meself. I told him I was, an awa we went up street.

After dinner, an meetin sum frens, I heard the Arme was havin a memorial service fur the Queen in the barracks. I went. It was a fine dishin of loyalty. The speeches was full of light an blossin, an the good life of "Victoria the good," brot blossin tu the souls in the Arme barracks.

But, sure, Mr. Editor, I seed tu much. I must stop fur this tim, but I'm glad I seed yer Arme in as many places, an seed it was alive, an seekin the lost, in spite of the profits who sed it wud die long ago. Ye'll be heerin from me agin when I've seed a little more or the East—these wondrous wise men of the East.

Good-nite, boss.—Mike.

I Will.

"I Can't" is often equivalent to "I won't." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" is the answer to that God. When we are willing to step out into the waters of Jordan, or to stretch out the withered hand, God will make a way throu, or give us the power to obey. "I will arise and go to my father," was obedience in the heart of the prodigal that took him right to that father. Our "I will" to God is a resolution that covers the whole ground, irrespective of difficulties, but He meets us while yet a great way off. We take hold of the cross with an "I will," and God lifts it for us, and makes it easier than we had thought possible. The victory is gained as soon as the heart says, "I will," for God furnishes the power.

B.

Bienheim.

Buign (Howers) Saturday and Sunday went to the dominical warbler. Adj. Kenney, of old as a visit, (line we had to a carnival and crowd was rather less, we had a good lot off with Cunt are in the Army, the testimonies, a lively, and Adj. and read the Word have returned st. took charge.—Lun

Donavite.

Since you last precious souls in Reat, and an W. recruits took the der the fling.—Lun

Brampton.

On Sunday, the under the leaders assisted by Capt. McGregor, made on the stroughful Hostilities commu but the writer present, so many Sunday, our for amine their nee pare for the day by the coiers, we were alive, loved at 3, and shots were fire mement of the felt that the fig. The barracks was people attentive were in good prayer meeting is no one would y prayed and sang and at last one shat; presently sister, knelt at 10 o'clock w. souls.—Caul, P.

Brandon.

We have had Beans' social a much-loved P. Officers and sold nedown, Carberry Gamble sang a Cadet Sherrin, the Garrison; Father Earl and by the violin? Lint, Oxnard, Lieuts. Gamble others, all helped Major was not a comforters," next night, "was all. We are a number of Se besides seven eling for great th Original.

Butts.

As our regul gone to the front to say we are s war, and a few One young nu mother are sold forward on Frid ago 810 was giv five friends, on Tuesday even brought in. The two of our frien



BATTLE BULLETINS

Blonheim.

Five Backsliders.
Eusebius Howcroft with us for Saturday and Sunday, while the Captain went to Ridgetown. Those indomitable warriors, Adj. Coombs and Adj. Kenway, of Chatham fame, also paid us a visit, but owing to the short time we had to announce them, and a carnival and show being on, our crowd was rather small. Nevertheless, we had a good time. The D. O. led off with that grand old song, "We are in the Army." Adj. Kenway led the testimonies, and kept the meeting lively, and Adj. Coombs sang a solo and read the Word. Five backsliders have returned. Captain Mathers took charge.—Ina Green.

Bonavista.

Six Souls.
Since you last heard from us six precious souls have been to the Morey Scout, and on Wednesday night seven recruits took their stand for God under the flag.—Lieut. E. Howcroft.

Brampton.

Two Souls.
On Sunday, the Brampton Braves, under the leadership of Eusebius Easton, assisted by Capt. Calvert and Lieut. McGregor, made a determined attack on the strongholds of sin and Satan. Hostilities commenced on Saturday, but the writer was not able to be present, so cannot report. At 11 a.m., Sunday, our forces proceeded to examine their armaments and prepare for the day's war. 2:30, headed by the comers, we let the devil know we were alive. A lively skirmish followed at 3, and some red-hot Gospel shots were fired. From the commencement of the night's meeting we felt that the fight was on our side. The barracks were nearly filled and the people attentive, while the soldiers were in good fighting trim. In the prayer meeting it seemed at first as if no one would yield, but the soldiers prayed and sang, the officers pleaded, and at last one soul left the ranks of sin; presently another, this time a sister, knelt at the feet of Jesus, and at 10 o'clock we closed with two souls.—Capt. F. Edwards.

Brandon.

Seven Children.
We have had a "Boston Bait" Beane's social and a visit from our much-loved P. O. Major Smith. Officers and soldiers came from Minnedoua, Carberry, and Souris. Lieut. Gamble sang a solo, then followed Cadet Sherwin, who is about to enter the Garrison, and who will forget Father Earl and his solo, accompanied by the violin? Capt. Glover and Lieut. Oxenider, of Minnedoua; Lieut. Gamble and Cadet Sherwin, and others, all helped to make it a success. Major was not able to do a great deal on account of having one of "do's" comforters, but his address next night, on "Let there be light," was much enjoyed by all. We are on the up grade. A number of Senators have been saved, besides seven children. We are looking for great things during the Siege.—Original.

Butte.

One Soul.
As our regular correspondent has gone to the front of the battle, I wish to say we are still pushing the S. A. war, and a few are coming to Christ. One young man, whose father and mother are soldiers in the East, came forward on Friday night. One month ago \$10 was given to five soldiers and five friends, on the talent plan, and on Tuesday evening the talents were brought in. They yielded \$53.50 profit, two of our friends doing \$14 each, and



Capt. W. Cowan,
Southampton,
Bermuda.

My dear
a Fleming

one soldier \$10. We are laying our plans for the Siege. We had a powerful time last night, and some sinners were so convicted they could scarcely sleep after going home.—M. Ayre, Adj.

Catalina.

Believing.
We can report victory. Souls are coming to Jesus, and we are believing for good times in the future.—S. M. White.

Comfort's Cove.

Four Enrolled.
God is with us, and we shall not be defeated. We have increased our roll by four, and are believing for greater times in the future.—L.

Dauphin, Man.

Four Souls.
Since last report four souls have sought salvation, and four sanctification. God is wonderfully blessing our efforts, both in the corps and outpost. Last week we had a meeting in the country, with an attendance of sixty people. Our assistant officer, Capt. Price, has been very sick, but we hope to have him with us again shortly.—John Lacey, Sergt.

Dog Bay.

Four Souls.
We started on Friday morning at eight o'clock, on our trip to Dog Bay, sixteen miles from Herring Neck. At four o'clock we reached Mr. Frazer's house, at Boyle's Cove, who treated us very kindly. The next morning we started for Dog Bay, and arrived there at twelve o'clock. We held four meetings amongst this happy crowd, and saw four souls saved. Hallelujah!—J. Downey, Capt.

Freepoint.

How Officers.
We arrived in Freepoint on Friday, after driving over forty miles in the bitter cold, and were glad to be met at the quarters by Capt. Wilson and Lieut. McDonald, the officers who have just faredwell. On Saturday night we met the people of Freepoint for the first time, had a very large crowd, and a good meeting. On Sunday we had the largest crowd that has ever been seen in the barracks, and many had to be turned away. In the afternoon, as Capt. Richards introduced her little sister, many were seen to brush away a tear. Little Minnie sang, "In tenderness, He sought me," and a very liberal collection was taken up. Although no souls yielded themselves to God, we cannot but think that some day will be revealed the good sowing in these meetings.—Capt. L. Richards, and Lieut. B. Pemberton.

Gooseberry Island.

Two Souls.
Sunday was a day of blessing. God came to our help and two souls were set free.—M. Noel, Lieut.

Hampton.

Believing.
We are going in to defeat the powers of darkness, and win souls for God. I believe we shall have the victory. We are expecting Capt. May to lead on the forces here.—Maggie B. Meikle, Lieut.

Hants Harbor.

One Soul.
Sunday night one man, who had been a backslider for some time, gave his heart to God, and there is much conviction in our meetings. Our soldiers have the interest of the Kingdom at heart.—A. Skinner, Lieut.

Haro Bay.

Six Souls.
God has been blessing us during the last two weeks, and we have had the joy of seeing six precious souls seek salvation.—J. LeDrew, Capt.

Herring Neck.

Four Souls.
We can report four souls in the fountain. One old crusty old convert, and his prayer was, "Lord, fill her up with light," and God did fill him. He was 47 years of age, and never tasted the love of God before. He finds "so good now that he could not sleep last night.—J. D.
(An "old crust" in Herring Neck S. A. dialect means a hardened, dried-up sinner.—Ed.)

Hospeler.

Thirty-five Souls.
Our hearts are rejoicing over thirty-five men and women coming to Christ for salvation and sanctification.—Lieut. Groombridge.

Houlton.

Twenty-four Souls.
After nine months' fighting, orders have come to say farewell, but not without having some victory. A debt of long standing has been wiped out, and two weeks ago the break came and twenty-four souls sought salvation. We give God the glory and go out to greater victory.—Eusebius and Mrs. Larder.

Kempville.

Lantern Service.
We had a visit from our new T. P. S. Capt. Poole, which was enjoyed by all present. The Captain is the right man in the right place. He favored us with a song after the lantern service, entitled, "He is only a tramp." It took well, and the boys would pay ten cents again to hear the song itself.—Leon Newell.

Lethbridge.

Three Souls.
Although a number of our comrades have gone to Fernie, the work has not stopped. We can record some real cases of conversion, and those who have recently started are doing well. This week three came out from the world to serve God. Bro. Neddig, a hard leader, from Fort Steele, has joined the ranks in Lethbridge, and is now rejoicing over the fact of having ever come to this town. This makes three brothers of the Neddig family, and we are praying for the other members of the family.—Win. Farrow.

Little Bay Island.

One Soul.
We can report victory. Sunday was a hard day of battle. At night the power of God was much felt in our midst, and one soul yielded to the stirrings of the Spirit.—D. B. Capt.

Minot.

One Soul.
Capt. Meyers, after a stay of four months, says good-bye. There was a slight debt on the corps, which was cleared by a "basket social" before she faredwell. The prayers of her comrades follow her to her new appointment. The dear brother mentioned in last report has given himself to God. Sergt. Mrs. C. F. Parker.

Miscoula.

Three Souls.
Two precious souls have been captured from the enemy's ranks, and one backslider returned to the fold, making three since last report, and seven during the last three weeks.—J. H. F. R. C.

Morrisburg.

Magie Lantern.
We have just had a visit from our G. B. M. Agent, Capt. Poole, with his magic lantern. Everybody was delighted, and want the Captain to come again. We are sorry to say we are losing our J. S. Sergeant, who has been a faithful soldier for some time. The Siege has started in real earnest, and officers and soldiers are united to do all they can to win souls for God.—M. Langley, Cadet-Lieut.

Mucpova.

Two Souls.
We can report another day of victory. We started with a good time at knee-drill. In the holiness meeting our comrade, Capt. Charlie Knudsen, the testimonies in his real lively style. In the afternoon, the elements were at war outside, and we were at war inside, and captured one prisoner for King Jesus. At night another came to Jesus.—Reg. Cor.

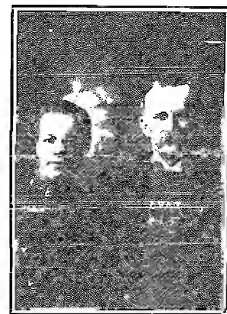
New Glasgow.

Fourteen Souls.
Fourteen souls have been saved during the last two weeks. Capt. Leandrew, late of Cape Breton, arrived a few weeks ago to assist the Adjutant, Major Pickering was with us for a week-end, giving his addresses, "A Standard Certificate," "Pillows," and "The Dead Century." Four souls sought God, and we believe those four precious souls have gone into the hearts of everyone present. We are

in good trim for the Siege, and the fishers are in good practice. Adj. Dowell is always confident of victory, believing we shall do a good stroke of work during the Siege. Last Sunday night the Rev. Mr. Caml, of Trenton Presbyterian Church, addressed the meeting, and two souls sought God. Although looked for a temperance meeting, he felt he could stay all night and see God's work go on.—"Haddi."

North Sydney.

How Many?
On Saturday night the officers of Sydney Mines paid us a visit. At our holiness meeting on Sunday morning our indomitable J. S. Sergt. Major made his appearance. For the last month he has been a prisoner inside the walls of the ancient city of Louisburg. All day our platform was well decorated with warriors, filled to the brim with salvation here for sinners, and some of our town's people are coming to Jesus for pardon. Our regular correspondent has again come to the front ready to take up the pen and write for the valuable columns of the Cry.—Nathaniel Martell, Treas.



Sergt. and Mrs. Parker (neo Captain
Jarvis), of Minot, N.D.

Ottawa.

Forty-one Souls.
We were pleased to have a visit from our leader, Brigadier Pagniere. The barracks was packed to its utmost capacity, and thirty-five souls cried to God for mercy. It was an old-time Pentecostal shower. On the previous Sunday, Adj. Tovell and Bro. Magee were with us, and six souls sought salvation.—Albert French, Sec.

Pooley's Island.

Three Souls.
God is blessing us. During the past week three souls found their way to the Cross. Our soldiers are in good fighting trim, and everything is progressing favorably.—Capt. E. M. Metcalf.

Picton.

Two for Prayer.
We had a service of song last week, which went well. The meetings all day yesterday were good, and God came near and helped us, and two held up their hands for prayer. We have started the Siege. The Lord will help us if we but do our part. Bro. Sheriff and two other friends have taken two dozen tickets to sell for the social. May God bless them.—Lillie Love.

Portage la Prairie.

Watch This Space.
We are helping God bring about a revival. Everybody is being warned to flee from the wrath to come. Prayer meetings are being held in the north, south, east, and west, at the same hour. What shall the result be? Watch.—R. C.

Seal Cove.

Ten Souls.
We have had a week of real victory. Ten precious souls sought and found salvation.—A. Peedda, Lieut.

The Anti-Saloon Crusade of Carrie Nation.

"Mrs. Carrie Nation and her little hatchet promise to become as famous in the history of warfare with the saloon as John Brown and his stalwart sons in their attack on slavery. It is more than an accident. It is a cult to arms. If legal authorities refuse to enforce the laws enacted by the people, it simply means an upheaval. This will either bring defeat to the temperance and law-abiding forces of the United States and a closer entrenchment of the saloon and lawless elements, or it will bring glorious victory. It will either enforce the Prohibition law in Kansas or destroy that law. If it enforces the law the results will be so apparent, the example so contagious, that other States, where Christian people govern, will take courage and army themselves against the enemy of the home and country." Such is the comment of the Ram's Horn on the recent sensation caused by Mrs. Nation's bold crusade against "legal" saloons in Kansas State.

Mrs. Nation is 54 years of age; her maiden name was Moore. She married early in life a Dr. Gloyd, who, a year after their marriage,

died of Delirium Tremens, having become an incorrigible drunkard in so short a time. By his grave-

side Carrie vowed eternal enmity to the saloon. Soon after that a sister married a man who took to strong drink and spent \$150,000 in a short time; his whole fortune.

After some years she met David Nation, and was married to him soon after. Eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Nation moved to Medicine Lodge, Kansas. This town was then the home of some of the toughest characters on the plains. Mrs. Nation made it her daily practice to go into the seven saloons daily and pray and sing for the cowboys, and others who frequented them. Sometimes she was not so peaceful. One saloon-keeper made some savage threats to kill her if she came near. She entered the saloon, slapped him in the face, knocked the glass out of his hand, and ordered him out of town. He left never to return. Six years ago she attacked the Medicine Lodge saloons with rocks, sent some of the proprietors to jail, and closed up every den.

Since then no Liquor has been Sold in that place. Two years ago she started out to raid the saloons of Wichita, but the crowds frightened her. Instead she went to Kiowa and smashed two saloons in Kiowa. Then she returned to Wichita and prayed for courage and did some good work there.

During the intervening six years Mrs. Nation and her hatchet rested, but she now says that in these six years the spirit of revolt against the demon rum was working on her. A month ago it became too strong to be borne longer and she started on her second crusade.

Mrs. Nation chose Wichita for her first assault. The last Wednesday in December she warned the "jolt" keepers to close. The following morning she appeared in the bar of the Carey Hotel with her arms full of stones. In a moment she had smashed the big mirror, put big holes in an indecent painting, and crashed five stained-glass windows. She got into the ante-room and did a thousand dollars' worth of damage. She was arrested and locked up. Habeas Corpus proceedings were instituted and carried to the Supreme Court, which ordered her release pending trial. But

Rather than Face a Jury and the chances of some unwelcome exposures regarding the liquor traffic, the prosecuting attorney of Sedgewick County dismissed the proceedings against Mrs. Nation, on the ground that he believed her mentally unbalanced.

Tuesday, January 22nd, Mrs. Nation turned up at Wichita again, and, accompanied by three women, started on another anti-saloon raid. The four women were armed with hatchets and base-ball bats carefully concealed under their cloaks. They smashed the plate glass front in Burns' saloon, and then made short work of all breakable stuff in the ante-room. They failed to reach the

bar, because the proprietor stood them off with a revolver.

Wednesday, she invaded Enterprise, followed by a crowd of women, she went to the Klondike saloon. Mrs. Nation was knocked down and rolled in the gutter. Stones flew at her. She was jumped upon by women who cried, "Kill her!" She was too stout to struggle much, and she endeavored with patience. As soon as there was an opportunity she rose, without showing a trace of excitement. Her eyes flashed, but she was cool. She stepped deliberately from the gutter to the sidewalk, and, raising her hands in the position of a platform orator, began a temperance lecture. For a half-hour she talked, and her wonderful nerve and courage won her friends. Then she went to the home of Mrs. Hoffman, wife of the wealthy man in Enterprise, tied a piece of raw beef over an injured eye, and returned again to her place on the sidewalk. When she left Enterprise that night a howling mob followed her to the train and amused itself by

Casting Eggs and Epithets.

Yet she did not seem to mind. Her last words to Mrs. Hoffman, as the train pulled out, were, "Good-bye! keep up the good work. Don't let them open up the rum-hole again."

Saturday evening found her in Topeka, and in an hour she made four ineffective attempts to enter "Johns". The saloon keepers had been warned.

(Continued on p. 13, col. 4.)

Simcoe.

The first day of the Siege has resulted very satisfactorily, even above our expectations. On Sunday night a memorial service was held for our departed comrade, Mrs. Kalin. God came very near and many were deeply convicted, and eight precious souls found pardon at the feet of Jesus, four of whom were the bereaved children of the mother we laid to rest on the previous Friday. May God keep them all true, is our prayer. On Thursday night, the Praying Band of the Methodist Church, consisting of fifteen young men, conducted a Gospel-Temperance meeting at the barracks. The young men made the meeting very enjoyable as well as profitable with their words, songs, readings, etc. We are looking forward to another visit from them, which they promised to give us in the near future.—B. G.

Snohomish.

The Train was Late. On Sunday night we had a special meeting, and 123 people were present. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, took an active part. Mrs. Hoffman sang a beautiful solo, with harp accompaniment, and Mr. Hoffman read the lesson, which was very interesting, and the Spirit of God was felt throughout the entire meeting. On Tuesday we had Major Hargrave with us. We had a real good meeting, but the train being late interfered greatly with our crowd. We have some beautiful friends here, and we are believing that the time will soon come when we shall see souls saved. Our crowds and finances are increasing beautifully. The War Cry takes real well.—Capt. Perrenoud, and Lieut. Malcolm.

Spokane.

One Soul. Souls are surrendering themselves to God. One young woman came out a few days ago, and has since testified that the Lord has really saved her. Our knee-drills are a great help and blessing to us, and not only do we get a blessing, but others also. Half of those who attend are members of different denominations, and one of them testified last Sunday that he received a blessing which helped him greatly through the remainder of the day, in teaching his class in Sunday school. Members of other churches of this city, who attend our nightly meetings, speak of the good work done by the Army.—Joe Logan, R. C.

Springhill.

A Farewell. We are sorry to lose Capt. Brown and Cadet Dunkin, whose farewell orders have just arrived. They have discharged their duty faithfully during their stay amongst us, and about forty-five souls have sought salvation, a large percentage proving good. May God bless them in their new field of labor.—Amesley Gilroy, J. S. S.-M.

Eight Souls.

On Thursday night we had a service of song, entitled, "Katie's White Robes," which was appreciated by all. On Saturday night we had an old-time free-and-easy, led by Adj. McLean and Capt. James. We are sorry to hear the Captain is soon going to leave us. On Sunday six precious, blood-bought souls found pardon.—S. French, Cadet.

St. John's.

Eleven Souls. Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Turpin, spent a very successful week at No. 1. The meetings were lively and up to date. The Brigadier spoke to us in the boldness meeting on the blessing of a clean heart, showing very plainly what holiness was and how it was obtained, and three sought the blessing. In the afternoon Adj. Turpin gave us a very interesting address and at night we had a great smash. Brigadier spoke from the words, "What think ye of Christ?" and although his throat was bad, God helped him to reach the hearts of the people, and eleven souls knelt at the Cross. Things in general are looking up. The brass band is doing well under Adj. Turpin. Soldiers are being added to the roll every month, and the Cadets are doing good work, and making great progress.—M. James, Capt.

St. John's II.

Four Souls. On Sunday we had the pleasure of re-opening our barracks, which has been closed for the last three weeks undergoing repairs. We had with us Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and Adjutant Turpin. The holiness meeting was a soul-refreshing time, the Brigadier dealing out one of his red-hot holiness talks. In the afternoon we had a good time, and four precious souls knelt at the mercy-seat. At night we were reinforced by Adj. and Mrs. Carr and Captain Welch. Mrs. Sharp held the people spell-bound with one of her heart-searching talks, dealing out the truths with great power. Conviction was stamped on many, and we are believing for a smash in the devil's ranks soon. Our crowds for the day were large, considering the weather. On Wednesday night, Lieut. Mercer gave his life's experience, which touched many hearts. After the meeting we had a coffee social, which was a great success. We have our day school opened this week, and already forty pupils are on the roll.—Cadet L. Ridout.

St. Stephen.

Almost Persuaded. Captain and Mrs. Lorimer left on Tuesday for Westville on a much-needed rest. They leave many friends here, who will be pleased to hear of Mrs. Lorimer's complete restoration to health. On Saturday night we gave Capt. McEachern and

Six Souls.

Lieut. Redmond a welcome. Sunday, the first day of the Siege, was very stormy, but notwithstanding the storm and bad condition of the streets, we noticed several in the audience who had not been there for some months. We had good meetings all day, and some were almost persuaded to yield. Before the Siege closes we hope to have the pleasure of reporting that souls have been saved.—Soldier.

St. John's I.

Eleven Souls. Since our last report we have had thirteen souls in the fountain. Our praying band has taken hold of God in faith and souls are being saved at every meeting. One brother was saved on Sunday morning. He is a sea Captain and he was set free at this port. According to his testimony he was the "banter swearer" along this coast; he would curse his father in Heaven, and on earth, but today his testimony is the opposite, and all the rest of the devil's furniture, has been turned out and God reigns supreme within. Last Sunday at knee-drill we had thirty-two present, while less than a year ago the numbers ranged from two to six. Some of our young men are leaving the ranks of sin, and we are believing for more.—E. W. M.

St. John's II.

Four Souls. We have just returned from the meeting, and, having a few minutes before the mail closes, feel inspired to write a few lines and let you know that God is blessing our work in this far-off country. We were rejoiced to-night to see another precious soul in the fountain, a dear brother who had not been in a religious meeting for four years until a few nights ago. God dealt mightily with him when he did come, and to-night he is saved. Sunday night six others rose to their feet as an evidence that they would like to be saved, and must also report another beautiful case. A dear man in the hospital, who had been very near the river, sent for the S. A. officers to go and pray with him. Captains Wilcox and Lloyd, who are ever on the alert for an opportunity of this kind, hurried to him the message of peace, which he gladly received, and ever since has been rejoicing in the Saviour. I might add that the meetings are on the upgrade. God's presence is wonderfully manifested, the young converts are doing famously, and an enrolment of soldiers is the next thing on the docket. We have had some record-breaking weather of late, the coldest ever known in the Klondike. The official record was 63.7, but some thermometers took advantage of the opportunity and ran down to 110. It was a common thing to see them at 75. Some drug stores hung out Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and some alcohol, and another enterprising individual, we

are informed, hung out a bottle of whiskey. Report has it that it was stolen.—George Shanley, Captain.

Sydney.

Thirteen Souls. Since our last report we have had thirteen souls in the fountain. Our praying band has taken hold of God in faith and souls are being saved at every meeting. One brother was saved on Sunday morning. He is a sea Captain and he was set free at this port. According to his testimony he was the "banter swearer" along this coast; he would curse his father in Heaven, and on earth, but today his testimony is the opposite, and all the rest of the devil's furniture, has been turned out and God reigns supreme within. Last Sunday at knee-drill we had thirty-two present, while less than a year ago the numbers ranged from two to six. Some of our young men are leaving the ranks of sin, and we are believing for more.—E. W. M.

The Klondike.

Two Souls. I have just returned from the meeting, and, having a few minutes before the mail closes, feel inspired to write a few lines and let you know that God is blessing our work in this far-off country. We were rejoiced to-night to see another precious soul in the fountain, a dear brother who had not been in a religious meeting for four years until a few nights ago. God dealt mightily with him when he did come, and to-night he is saved. Sunday night six others rose to their feet as an evidence that they would like to be saved, and must also report another beautiful case. A dear man in the hospital, who had been very near the river, sent for the S. A. officers to go and pray with him. Captains Wilcox and Lloyd, who are ever on the alert for an opportunity of this kind, hurried to him the message of peace, which he gladly received, and ever since has been rejoicing in the Saviour. I might add that the meetings are on the upgrade. God's presence is wonderfully manifested, the young converts are doing famously, and an enrolment of soldiers is the next thing on the docket. We have had some record-breaking weather of late, the coldest ever known in the Klondike. The official record was 63.7, but some thermometers took advantage of the opportunity and ran down to 110. It was a common thing to see them at 75. Some drug stores hung out Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and some alcohol, and another enterprising individual, we

are informed, hung out a bottle of whiskey. Report has it that it was stolen.—George Shanley, Captain.

Tilt Cove.

Eight Souls. Yesterday we fought a hard battle; the devil tried to defeat us but God was with us, and we rejoiced over two souls won for His Kingdom. Last week we had a wedding; one of our adherents took unto himself a wife, and though misadventured they came to the barracks and got Ensign Snow to tie the knot. We also had a dedication and six souls, making a total of thirty since taking hold.—Capt. Burry.

Trinity.

One Soul. God came very near on Friday night, and one soul came for cleansing. On Saturday night another special meeting was held, "Where, When, and What?" and on Sunday one sister decided to forsake her sins and follow Jesus. God is working, and many are convicted.—Sergeant John Lucas.

Trifton.

Four Souls. On Thursday night we had a children's jubilee. The children did their part well, and the people were delighted. Sunday night was a real holiness time. God's Spirit was felt in a wonderful manner, and we had the joy of seeing four at the Cross seeking pardon.—E. Williams.

Twillingate.

Five Souls. On Sunday our hearts were made glad by seeing five precious souls coming to Christ. Quite a number have been saved or late, and we are believing for many more.—P. M., Captain.

Unbridge.

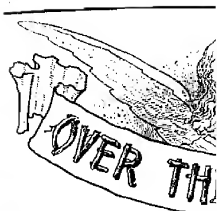
Two Souls. God is with us and victory is sure. Sunday's meetings were times of much blessing and deep conviction, and resulted in the salvation of two souls.—Cadet-Lieut. Minnes.

Westville.

Victory Coming. Yesterday we had a grand time all day, and splendid crowds, the hall being too small at night. Lieut. Hamilton, who has been home for nearly two years, fared well for the field again. The prospects for the Siege are good; the soldiers are going in to do their best. Instead of going home to see a number of the soldiers, and the officers, remained in the barracks, and held a prayer-meeting. God came very near. Victory must come.—N. W. Knight, Ensign.

Woodstock.

Five Souls. We closed the week with five souls at the Cross. God is giving us victory. We are in for souls and we must have them. By God's grace we shall conquer.—B. C. Mrs. J. Paul.



Wearing the Crown.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Bro. more, one of our oldest soldiers, had been called to the ranks above, suffering for some time with that fatal disease, cancer. Bro. Finn, with three of his sons, was some years ago, while Capt. (now J. McLean) was in charge of this and has since been a faithful friend of the Lord. He has gone now to receive his reward.

Ensign Larder and Capt. Gre conducted an impressive service here of our departed comrade, who left quite a number of soldiers' friends marched to the cemetery, where a short service was held. comrade's remains were then placed in the grave, and we promised to would live so that death would be prepared.—G. M.

A Sudden Call.

OLD PERILICAN, Nfld.—The death of Hayward Barry, who in the bloom of youth, has come to us from our little town. While in the commons in search of gold, he missed his footing and was precipitated over a cliff. When found, his body was lifeless. Deep regret comes to hearts that our brother left us so suddenly. The night previous, he attended a holiness meeting and acknowledged the fact that he was exceedingly sinful on account of his back. When pleaded with, he expressed intention of getting converted, but he did so that night. He little thought it would be his last chance. I am sure to overtake each one of us before we are to be ready.—For Ruby.

A Brave Warrior of the London.

Called to Her Reward.

We are again called upon to the death of a brave warrior of the true cross, and a faithful soldier of the Lord. Day, it is a full and complete victory for a man who has been a member of the London for many years.



health, but able to attend to her duties until a year ago, when she discovered that her suffering was by cancer. Since that time she had been confined to her home, and Lord knows how much our sister suffered, especially during the last days, when she was in great pain, realizing that "God was a very help in time of trouble." When called here, and made acquainted with our Lord, she would say, "All is well, I am very near to you. I could wish this pain without Him. He is my comfort," and "How glad I am when a mere child, I made it with God. This is the reason I fear now."

"We gave her a proper Army home was ten miles in the land and notwithstanding the awful blinding storm, there was a large presence. The service at the house was very touching, and those who were greatly affected.

The memorial service was held at the following Sunday. Many of the comrades gave



Wearing the Crown.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Bro. Finnimore, one of our oldest soldiers, has been called to the ranks above, after suffering for some time with that dreadful disease, cancer. Bro. Finnimore, with three of his sons, was converted some years ago, while Capt. (now Adj.) J. McLean was in charge of this camp, and has since been a faithful follower of the Lord. He has gone now to receive his reward.

Ensign Larder and Capt. Greenleaf conducted an impressive service at the home of our departed comrade, after which quite a number of soldiers and friends marched to the cemetery, where another short service was held. Our comrade's remains were then placed in the grave, and we promised God we would live so that death would not us prepared.—G. M.

A Sudden Call.

OLD PERLICAN, Nfld.—The sudden death of Hayward Barry, who was in the bloom of youth, has cast much gloom over our little town. While waiting the commons in search of game, he missed his footing and was precipitated over a cliff. When found, his body was lifeless. Deep regret comes to our hearts that our brother left no testimony behind. The night previous, he attended the holiness meeting and acknowledged the fact that he was exceedingly miserable on account of his lawlessness. When pleaded with, he expressed his intention of getting converted, but did not do so that night. He little thought that it would be his last chance. Death is sure to overtake each one of us and it behooves us to be ready.—For Lieut. Bailly.

A Brave Warrior of the London Corps Called to Her Reward.



We are again called upon to chronicle the death of a true, Blood-and-Fire warrior. This time it is Sister Day, who has been a faithful and devoted soldier for seventeen years. For the past five years Sister Day has been in very poor health, but able to attend to most of her duties until a year ago, when it was discovered that her suffering was caused by cancer. Since that time she has been confined to her home, and only the Lord knows how much our sister suffered, especially during the last six months. She bore her pain with great patience, realizing that "God was a very present help in time of trouble." When I visited her, and made enquiries about her soul, she would say, "Ah, is well, Jesus is very near to me. I could not bear this pain without Him. He is my only comfort," and "How glad I am that, when a mere child, I made my peace with God. This is the reason I have no fear now."

"We gave her a proper Army funeral. Her home was ten miles in the country, and notwithstanding the actual cold and blinding storm, there was a large crowd present. The service at the house was very touching, and those who gathered were greatly affected."

The memorial service was held in the Citadel on the following Sunday night. Many of the comrades gave a glowing

tribute to the memory of our departed sister, telling how her kindly, consistent life, and words of counsel, had been a means of cheer and blessing to them. One sister said that the very grasp of her hand would send a thrill of joy through her soul. Another sister told how she had always found Sister Day ready to give a reason for the hope that was in her. Sergt. Major Andrews sang a salvation song, "We shall all meet again on the great Judgment morning," after which Adj. Wakefield spoke from Jer. ix. 21, "For death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces." Death was spoken of as a concealed enemy, waiting for its prey. God's Spirit cried mightily, sobbing could be heard in different parts of the building, and one poor struggling soul grounded his arms of rebellion, and found in the blood of Christ the power to remove the sting of death, viz., sin. Many others, who would not yield, carried with them the arrow of conviction. The prayers of our comrades are asked for the bereaved ones.—W. J. W.

S. A. Losses a Warm Friend.

ALBANY HARBOR.—Death has visited our village and taken from our midst a warm and practical Army friend, in the person of Mrs. John Crowell, Sr. Her face will be missed at our meetings, as she was a regular attendant. Many officers will remember Mrs. Crowell's kind hospitality—she was always ready to help us. Our prayers are that God will comfort the sorrowing ones, and uphold them in this great trial.—A. Charlton, Capt.

Sister Kniffin, of Simcoe, Called Home.

Death has again visited the Shinee corps, taking from our midst one of our oldest soldiers, Mrs. Geo. Kniffin. Our sister lived some five or six miles in the country, consequently could not get to the meetings as often as she would have liked to, but she was always able to give a bright testimony to the saving and keeping power of God when she had an opportunity. Adj. Blackburn and Treas. Manton visited our comrade's home two weeks before she died; her husband was then sick, and Mrs. Kniffin was apparently well. Last Monday, however, the Adjutant was sent for and found Mrs. Kniffin suffering with pneumonia of the lungs. Her body was racked in pain, but she assured the Adjutant that her soul was all right, and that she loved Jesus. Her last words to the Adjutant were, "What would I do without my Jesus?" She died the next day. Thank God, she had Christ with her in life, and she had Him in death. She died triumphantly.

The funeral service was held in the Methodist Church, Woodhouse, near our sister's home. The church was full. After the minister had given an impressive address, the Adjutant and Treasurer spoke on our departed sister's life, of the bright testimony she always had, and how she was loved by her comrades in the fight. The service at the grave was conducted by the Adjutant.

On Sunday night a memorial service was held, at which several of the bereaved family were present. The Spirit of God was indeed felt, and when the invocation was given a son of the departed brother volunteered right out to the front, followed by his sister, then another brother and another sister, who all rose beautifully saved and testified of their desire from that time forward to live such a life as would enable them to some day see their beloved mother in that beautiful

land where all tears shall be wiped away. Our prayers and sympathies are with the sorrowing husband, who is a true soldier, and the rest of the bereaved family, in this their hour of affliction.—B. G.

The following favorite verses of Sister Kniffin, copied from her Bible, were read by Mrs. Blackburn at the memorial service. Many were in tears while they were being read:—

O Lord, within me now create
A spirit such as Thine;
Oh, grant me grace to live by faith,
To walk in ways Divine.

Inspire anew my every thought,
My every action guide;
Be with me through the busy day,
At night with me abide.

Enable me henceforth to bear,
With joy, my every cross;
May I, with yet increasing love,
Praise Thee, for gain or loss.

So may my soul, made pure and white,
And sanctified within,
Here in this world of sinfulness,
Here heavenly life begin.

Bro George Logan, of Ligar St., Promoted to Glory.

Our dear comrade, Bro. Geo. Logan, has left his earthly home for the mansion above. His death was sudden and unexpected, but he was ready. When on his way to the meeting the summons came, and the Master said, "Bro. Logan, I am going to promote you from earth to heaven," and all alone, on Queen Street, he sank to the ground and passed away without a murmur. About two hours before our comrade died he was talking to two of the soldiers about death and funerals, and remarked that he could readily make his own coffin, and if needs be paint it red, and write on it, "A penitent form where sinners can find mercy." He desired an Army funeral, which we gave him on Saturday, Feb. 23rd.

Bro. Logan was one of the cheerful sort, always happy, and beloved by saints and sinners. His conversations were deeply spiritual, and those coming in contact with him were always blessed. He was very practical, and always ready to help sinners into the Fountain. A favorite chorus which he used to sing was—

"Jesus is good to me,
Jesus is good to me,
So good, so good,
Jesus is good to my soul."

The Bible was his constant companion. Our comrade took a great interest in the Junior work and was greatly beloved by the children. Now the places that once knew him know him no more.

The memorial service was conducted by Major Turner; Staff-Capt. Stanton, Staff-Capt. Manton, and others, assisting. A number of the Headquarters Staff assisted the band. The burials were nicely fitted, and both the service and funeral procession was deeply impressive.

Major Collier and Staff-Capt. Manton conducted the memorial service of our departed comrade on Sunday night last. The service was too small for the accommodation of the crowd. Several were given the opportunity of testifying of the blessing and inspiration Bro. Logan's life had been to them. The solos of Mrs. Collier and Staff-Capt. Manton were appropriate, and a stirring address from Major Collier brought the service to a close.

We mean to meet our comrade in the land where death never comes.—S. McFarland, R. C.



Captain Brown and Cadet Dunkin,
Springfield, N.S.

THE ANTI-SALOON CRUSADE OF
CARRIE NATION.

(Continued from page 12.)

In the place on Fourth Street, kept by A. Meyers and his wife, she received a terrible drubbing at the hands of Mrs. Meyers, who wielded a broomstick, and our Mrs. Nation on the back of the head and on the shoulders. When she entered William Ryan's saloon, Ryan, who is a six-footer, grabbed her in his arms and placed her outside the door. Two thousand men, women, and boys followed Mrs. Nation from place to place, and finally it was necessary to get a posse of police for her protection. After each rebuff she would say, "Where's another joint?" Then she would talk to the mob thus: "This is not my work that I am doing. It's God's work."

On Sunday Mrs. Nation took a rest, and Monday morning she made haste to the State House. She found Governor Stanley in his office, and immediately opened up to him. It was a painful hour for the Governor that he spent. Probably no other Governor ever had such an experience. Mrs. Nation put her questions direct and quick as lightning.

Governor Stanley questioned her method in crying to stamp out the saloons.

"Well, Governor, have you got a better one?" said Mrs. Nation.

"No, I don't think I have."

"Then what are you going to do?" She reminded him of his

Oath to Support the Constitution and execute the laws. She drew from him an admission that rum shops are against the law.

"Why, then, don't you close them?" said she.

The Governor pleaded that he was powerless. "What can I do?" he said.

"Call and clear come Mrs. Nation's reply: 'Call out the militia. You can close every joint in Kansas, if you will, Governor Stanley.'"

Then rising from her seat, she looked him squarely in the face and said: "You can do it. If you want to, but you won't. But you are a law-breaker if you don't. You took your oath of office to keep the constitution. If you refuse my request you are not only a lawbreaker but a perjurer."

Thus Mrs. Nation took another tack and finally secured from the Governor a promise that if she would furnish the prosecuting attorneys to put the "joint" keepers in jail he would try and find a way to keep them there.

Mrs. Nation was almost beside herself with joy, and she kept repeating, "Oh, praise God! The Governor on my side. Oh, praise God!"

The Governor got rid of her by referring her to the Attorney General, who referred her to the City Attorney, and so on down the line of officials.

But she gave each of these men a spicy answer. She accused all of them of dodging, "but," said she, "you can't dodge my hatchet."

Is Mrs. Nation insane? If so, few of her acts indicate it. She is a woman of most remarkable nerve and coolness. She speaks well, and seemingly is never caught unprepared for an emergency. She is willing to accept rough usage because firm in the belief that she is doing good and will win her fight. She declares she will not stop until Kansas is free from rum-sellers.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE 92 Hustlers.

Lieut. Kitchen, London	256	Mrs. Capt. Dowell, New Glasgow	100
Lieut. Crawford, Brantford	255	Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Newcastle	100
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	177	Mrs. Capt. G. Thompson, Gloucester	100
Lieut. G. Yeomans, Wingham	150	Capt. McEachern, Chatham	85
Lieut. Malsey, St. Thomas	130	Capt. Beveridge, Cambridge	80
Captain Horwood, Windsor	115	N. Parsons, New Glasgow	80
Lieut. Knuckie, Woodstock	112	Lieut. Taylor, Windsor	80
Bro. Wm. Davidson, Leamington	105	Lieut. Murrough, St. John	75
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Stratford	100	Lieut. White, Sussex	75
Ensign Hollett, Galt	85	Lieut. McKie, Hamilton	75
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	85	Lieut. Redmont, Chatham	75
Lieut. Watson, Bluebell	75	Lieut. C. C. Tatum, St. John	70
Capt. Brooks, Berlin	75	Capt. Lawes, Sydney	70
Ensign Sloe, Stratford	75	L. McFadden, Fredericton	61
Ensign Jarvis, Tilsonburg	75	Bro. Reid, St. John	60
Capt. Crawford, Goderich	70	M. Smith, Windsor	60
Capt. Sitzer, Goderich	70	Capt. Leander, New Glasgow	60
Lieut. Pich, Norwalk	70	H. Murphy, Dartmouth	60
Captain Heater, Clinton	70	Sgt. Armstrong, St. John	60
Cadet Erb, Galt	65	Lieut. Melkie, Carleton	60
Capt. Haley, Sarnia	65	M. Jones, Kentville	55
Lieut. Cook, Sarnia	65	J. Hardwick, Bridgeport	55
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	65	Capt. Forey, Canby	55
Lieut. Pennington, Palmerston	61	Capt. Hawbold, Pictou	50
Sister Allen, Mitchell	60	Lieut. Johns, Pictou	50
Lieut. Winters, Wingham	60	Lieut. Leblanc, Bear River	50
Mrs. Ensign Sloe, Stratford	60	Capt. Izan, Bear River	50
Captain Jordan, Windsor	55	Capt. G. P. Thompson, N. Sydney	50
Lieut. Edwards, Bridgeport	55	Mrs. Capt. Clark, Carleton	50
Captain Hook, Forest	55	Mrs. Fraser, New Glasgow	40
P. S. M. Bonn, Petrolia	52	Capt. Doyle, Hillsboro	40
Ensign Gamble, Guelph	52	Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	40
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	50	A. Thomson, Moncton	35
S. M. Mrs. Glover, Dresden	50	S. Holden, Windsor	35
Lieut. Plant, Watford	50	Sgt. Fraser, Bridgeport	35
Adj. Wakefield, London	50	E. H. Ramsey, Bridgeport	35
Lieut. Yeomans, Essex	45	A. Goodwin, Annapolis	30
Mrs. Capt. Cor. Seaford	45	F. Adams, St. John	30
Adj. McGillivray, Brantford	45	Lieut. March, Sydney	30
Lieut. Allen, Stratford	45	Sgt. Murray, Sydney	30
Capt. Coe, Ingersoll	45	Sgt. McPherson, Dartmouth	27
Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	45	Capt. Bradbury, Halifax	27
Sister Bryson, Petrolia	40	Lieut. McDonald, Freeport	25
Bro. McGill, Drayton	40	Ensign Knight, Westville	25
Lieut. Stickels, Listowel	40	T. Fairweather, St. John	25
Sgt. Palmer, London	35	Capt. Wyatt, Moncton	25
Audie Wright, Ingersoll	35	C. C. Chislett, N. Sydney	25
Rhoda Kewer, Windsor	35	C. C. Maynard, N. Sydney	25
Lieut. Craft, Guelph	35	C. C. Sparks, New Glasgow	25
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	35	B. Simpson, Windsor	25
Lieut. Greenwood, Simcoe	35	Lieut. Harding, Annapolis	25
Adj. Blackburn, Simcoe	35	Mrs. Ross, Fredericton	25
Lieut. Frank, Paris	35	P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	25
Mothe Cutting, Essex	30	Sgt. Byers, St. John	25
Capt. A. Dowell, Stratford	30	Adj. Hudson, St. John	25
Capt. Carr, Petrolia	30	Lieut. McWilliams, St. John	25
Sister Blackwell, Petrolia	30	Capt. Winchester, Houlton	25
Capt. Cor. Seaford	30	Lieut. Jones, Houlton	25
Sister Baldwin, Watford	30	Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	25
Treas. Mrs. Harris, London	30	Lieut. T. Urquhart, Halifax	25
Capt. Thompson, Theford	30	Capt. Parsons, Digby	25
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	25	Capt. Miller, Bridgeport	25
Mrs. Froedrich, Kingsville	25	Lieut. Fraser, Bridgeport	25
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	25	Capt. Elmsy, Lunenburg	25
P.S.M. Darling, Hespeler	25	Lieut. Maribou, St. John	25
Lieut. Groombridge, Hespeler	25	Capt. Perry, North Head	25
Capt. White, Chatham	25	Lieut. Minnis, North Head	25
Sgt. Hodgins, Windsor	25		
Fred Falcott, Ridgeway	25		
Bro. Hyde, Sarnia	25		
Mrs. Melroy, St. Thomas	24		
Sister Peritt, St. Thomas	24		
Sgt. R. Ellis, Dresden	24		
Corps-Cadet Simpson, Guelph	23		
P.S.M. Virtue, Windsor	21		
Sister McDougall, Goderich	20		
Bro. Musgrove, Wexford	20		
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20		
Sgt. Christner, Petrolia	20		
Captain Harman, Bothwell	20		
Lieut. Burney, Dresden	20		
Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	20		
Stanley Rumble, Bluebell	20		
Mrs. Laith, Stratford	20		
May Barnes, Simcoe	20		
Mulvey Smith, Tilsonburg	20		
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	20		
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20		

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Cadet Holden, St. John	213
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	213
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax	210
Cadet Kenny, St. John	150
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	140
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville	115
Capt. Clark, St. John	110
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	100
Sgt. Sautter, Hamilton	100
N. Flood, Hamilton	100

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

73 Hustlers.

Lieut. Hicks, St. Johnsbury	170
Capt. Woods, Cornwall	163
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Pictou	163
P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	150
Capt. Carter, Belleville	90
Sgt. Rippen, Montreal	90
Capt. McNancy, Sherbrooke	90
Ensign Verex, Newport	85
Adj. Moore, Kingston	85
Capt. Hickman, Pembroke	75
P. S. M. Ilce, Montreal	75
Capt. Yake, Montreal	75
Sgt. Rogers, Montreal	75
Sgt. Verex, Newport	75
Capt. Lang, Gannouque	75
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	75
Capt. Owens, Barry	75
Capt. Mitchell, Peterboro	75
Capt. Green, Trenton	65
Sgt. Moors, Montreal	65
P. S. M. Barber, Burlington	60
Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	57
Capt. Bethune, Burlington	50
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	50
Capt. Pletcher, Brockville	50
Cadet-Lieut. Waugh, Brockville	50
Capt. Vance, Morrisburg	50
Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	50
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	50
Adj. Donnelly, Cobourg	50
Sgt. Shaver, Montreal	50
Sgt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Capt. Truss, Burlington	45

Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	40
Sgt. Stone, Peterboro	35
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	35
Adj. Donnelly, Cobourg	35
Capt. Norman, Quebec	35
Capt. Grosse, Quebec	35
Capt. Slater, St. Albans	35
Capt. Ash, Belleville	35
Cadet-Lieut. Stata, Sherbrooke	30
Mrs. Welsh, Burlington	30
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	30
Sgt. Brown, Kingston	30
Capt. Redburn, Millbrook	30
Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott	30
Bro. Clark, Bloomfield	30
Willie McWilliams, Montreal	28
Cadet-Lieut. Jewell, Pictou	26
M. Veal, Barry	26
Sister Russell, Millbrook	25
Capt. Randall, Odessa	25
Ethel Morien, Campbellford	25
Sgt. Wheeler, Kingston	25
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	25
Lieut. Crosier, Port Hope	25
Sgt. Logie, Montreal	25
Sister Small, Montreal	25
Sgt. McKelvey, Ottawa	24
Lieut. Pittman, Newport	20
Lieut. Rutledge, Ogdensburg	20
Capt. Weir, Prescott	20
Bro. Boyd, Prescott	20
Adj. Ordick, Owen Sound	20
Patric Duquet, Trenton	20
Sgt. Brown, Montreal	20
Sgt. Vancor, Montreal	20
Mrs. Ensign, Pictou	20
Capt. Newell, Kennebec	20
Lieut. Boshey, Kennebec	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

71 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton	300
Capt. Wilson, Orillia	300
Capt. Hannu, Midland	300
Adj. Ordick, Owen Sound	86
Sister Tuck, Ligar St.	80
Capt. McLeann, Owen Sound	70
Lieut. Marskell, Little Current	70
Capt. Meeks, Barrie	65
Sister Bowman, Temple	60
Sister Harvey, Temple	60
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	60
Adj. Burrows, Barrie	50
Ethel White, Barrie	50
Adj. Walker, Riverside	50
Sgt. Simpson, Ligar St.	50
Sgt. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	50
Capt. Howcroft, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Greavett, Oshawa	50
Capt. Liston, Toronto	50
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	50
Capt. Matthews, North Bay	50
Lieut. Bone, North Bay	50
Sgt. Stewart, Ligar St.	45
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	45
Capt. Garvander, Dundas	45
Ensign Brant, Chesley	45
Capt. Polling, Sturgeon Falls	45
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	45
Capt. Pattenden, Newmarket	40
Lieut. Porter, Newmarket	40
Capt. Stilliger, Riverside	40
Sgt. Golden, Lippincott St.	40
Capt. Stephens, Fenelon Falls	38
Cadet-Lieut. Angelo, Hamilton	37
Ensign Galt, Chesley	35
Lieut. Stickle, Aurora	35
Sgt. Tuck, Ligar St.	35
Patric Dixon, Temple	32
Thmie Gimbert, Temple	31
Mrs. McLoche, Temple	30
Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	30
P. S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	30
Capt. Bowens, Sudbury	30
Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	30
Bro. V. Thompson, Sudbury	30
Sgt. Richards, Lindsay	30
Capt. Capper, Kinnmount	25
Ensign Lott, Meaford	25
M. Tannance, Orillia	25
Lieut. Mender, Sturgeon Falls	25
Corps-Cadet McCutney, Riverside	25
Bro. Smith, Sudbury	25
Lieut. McGregor, Brampton	23
Capt. Stickle, Lindsay	22
Cadet Owen, Temple	22
Capt. LeCoe, Temple	22
Sgt. Bowens, Ligar St.	22
Capt. Marshall, Faversham	22
Capt. Calvert, Brampton	22
Adj. Role, Lindsay	21
Cadet Ellis, Temple	20
Illy Case, Hamilton	20
Illy Murdoch, Hamilton	20
P. E. Southwell, Toronto	20
Sgt. Brown, Huntsville	20
Sgt. Stephens, Fenelon Falls	20
Capt. Breaks, Aurora	20
Lieut. Griffith, Ahme Harbor	20
Lieut. Lamb, Omencee	20
Sister Conrlemanche, Kinnmount	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

52 Hustlers.

Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	80
Sgt. Mrs. Taylor, Winnipeg	80

Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	70
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	70
Lieut. E. Gamble, Moorhead	70
Ensign M. Callott, Fargo	70
Mrs. E. H. Harker, Grand Forks	65
Cadet Papsteln, Winnipeg	60
Lieut. A. Lawford, Fargo	60
Lieut. E. Gamble, Souris	60
Capt. Bludgett, Brandon	60
Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary	55
Annie Pearce, Calgary	55
Sister M. Lewis, Winnipeg	55
Capt. A. Hall, Letbridge	45
Mrs. Capt. Gillan, Regina	45
Lieut. A. White, Prince Albert	45
Capt. Harker, Dauphin	40
Cadet McLaren, Port Arthur	40
Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	40
Adj. Dean, Brandon	40
Capt. Pearce, Port William	37
Capt. B. Fell, Grafton	35
Capt. A. Stapleton, Dauphin	35
Capt. R. Taylor, Neepawa	35
Capt. J. Ferguson, Port Arthur	35
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Devil's Lake	33
Capt. B. Fell, Grafton	33
Lieut. Nuttall, Minot	32
Sgt.-Major Mrs. Michael, Devil's Lake	31
Capt. L. Smith, Medicine Hat	31
Lieut. A. Hagen, Medicine Hat	31
Lieut. E. Cassler, Fort William	30
Adj. A. Thomas, Letbridge	25
Capt. Bauson, Bismarck	25
Lieut. Moller, Devil's Lake	25
Lieut. Egdahl, Moosemule	25
Sgt. Latt, Galt, Redox	25
Capt. Barrager, Larimore	25
Lieut. Krelger, Moose Jaw	25
Lieut. Price, Carman	22
Capt. Brandner, Carman	22
Capt. N. Meyers, Minot	22
Lieut. Metz, Grafton	20
Lieut. Potter, Grafton	20
Treas. St. Johns, Minnecota	20
Capt. Brown, Virden	20
Sgt. Trow, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Sister E. Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Sgt. Mrs. Smith, Winnipeg	20
Sister M. Cook, Winnipeg	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

37 Hustlers.

Sgt. Preston, Spokane	180
Mrs. Adj. McGill, Nelson	140
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Butte	140
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Victoria	135
Sgt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	95
Lieut. Owen, Revelstoke	95
Capt. Haas, Livingston	75
Carle Bowles, Vancouver	71
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	70
Sgt. A. B. B. B.	70
Lieut. Smith, Kalfspell	70
Capt. Darbach, Billings	65
Capt. Meredith, Billings	65
Sgt. Huffman, New Westminster	62
Sgt. W. J. Whipple	62
Capt. W. J. Whipple	62
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	52
Mrs. Weddhorpe, Great Falls	50
Cadet Nesbitt, Great Falls	50
Capt. Buck, New Whiteman	50
Capt. Latt, Lewiston	50
Capt. Miller, New Whiteman	45
Capt. Krell, Missoula	45
Mrs. Sprague, Missoula	45
Capt. Dules, Bozeman	45
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	41
Lieut. Holder, Vancouver	40
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	40
Sgt. Wm. Steel, Fernie	40
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	40
Sister Anderson, Helena	35
Mrs. Scadden, Helena	35
Bro. Battelle, Mt. Vernon	35
Sgt. Newton, Fernie	30
Capt. Leece, Fernie	30
Lieut. Malchuk, Snohomish	25
Capt. Penneoud, Snohomish	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

23 Hustlers.

Sgt. Jessie Liddstone, St. Johns	100
Sgt.-Major Liddstone, St. Johns	100
Sgt. E. Hutchings, St. Johns	35
Sgt. L. Stowbridge, St. Johns	35
Nitile Rose, Grand Bank	30
P. S. M. Ayres, Bonaville	25
Dirch Hickman, Grand Bank	25
Cadet A. Mercer, St. Johns	25
Sgt. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns	25
Cadet E. White, St. Johns	25
Cadet S. French, St. Johns	25
Cadet Peddel, St. Johns	25
Sgt. Mary Bunker, St. Johns	25
Cadet E. Payton, St. Johns	25
Sgt. Evans, Han's Harbor	25
Sgt. Peckham, St. Johns	25
Cadet Cronin, St. Johns	25
Cadet Ridout, St. Johns	25
Cadet Smith, St. Johns	25
Sgt. M. King, St. Johns	25
Sgt. B. Muford, St. Johns	25
Sgt.-Major Ebsary, St. Johns	25
Sgt. Barlett, Briggs	25



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Cook, Rat Portage	59
Cook, Jamestown	73
Gamble, Moorhead	73
Collett, Fargo	72
gn Habkirk, Grand Forks	65
Wich, Winnipeg	62
Lawford, Fargo	62
Gamble, Souris	69
dggett, Brandon	55
Taylor, Calgary	55
Arce, Calgary	55
Lewis, Winnipeg	45
Hall, Lethbridge	45
Gillam, Regina	45
White, Prince Albert	44
Wickirk, Dauphin	42
Laron, Port Arthur	40
McAmmond, Winnipeg	43
n, Brandon	39
Arce, Port William	37
Knudson, Winnipeg	37
Appleton, Dauphin	35
Taylor, Neepawa	35
erguson, Port Arthur	35
t, Wilkins, Devil's Lake	33
ell, Grafton	32
ttall, Minot	32
for Mrs. Michael, Devil's	31
Smith, Medicine Hat	31
Haugen, Medicine Hat	31
Cusler, Port William	30
Thomas, Lethbridge	29
erson, Bismarck	28
oller, Devil's Lake	28
gdahl, Moosomin	28
ng, Brandon	25
rager, Larimore	25
eiger, Moose Jaw	25
ice, Carman	25
ndser, Carman	25
Meyers, Minot	25
ron, Emerson	25
ttor, Grafton	25
Johns, Minnedosa	25
g, Virdee	25
ow, Winnipeg	25
Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Chapman, Winnipeg	25
rs, Smith, Winnipeg	25
Cook, Winnipeg	25

CIFIC PROVINCE.

37 Hustlers.	
oston, Spokane	159
t. McGill, Nelson	159
t. Ayre, Butte	159
ign Cummings, Victoria	155
t. Gale, Helena	155
ven, Itevestoke	155
us, Livingston	155
Back, of Chatham	155
en, Spokane	155
en, Butte	155
th, Kallispell	155
rrach, Billings	155
redith, Billings	155
ttman, New Westminster	155
for Whipple, Vancouver	155
luth, Great Falls	155
t. Jackson, Nanaimo	155
ddthorne, Great Falls	155
Smith, Great Falls	155
in, Lewiston	155
en, New Wheaton	155
ill, Missoula	155
ague, Missoula	155
es, Missoula	155
rdner, Victoria	155
ld, Vancouver	155
tt, Lewiston	155
n. Steel, Fernie	155
erson, Nanaimo	155
erson, Helena	155
ndlen, Helena	155
cliffe, Mt. Vernon	155
ney, Fernie	155
Henrich, Snohomish	155
renoid, Snohomish	155

OUNDLAND PROVINCE.

23 Hustlers.	
essie Liddstone, St. Johns	1100
for Liddstone, St. Johns	1100
Hutchings, St. Johns	1100
Stowbridge, St. Johns	1100
se, Grand Bank	1100
Ayles, Bonaville	1100
chman, Grand Bank	1100
Mercer, St. Johns	1100
s. Harris, St. Johns	1100
White, St. Johns	1100
French, St. Johns	1100
Idel, St. Johns	1100
ry Rhinden, St. Johns	1100
Payten, St. Johns	1100
ans, Han's Harbor	1100
Chatham, St. Johns	1100
Johns, St. Johns	1100
Mont, St. Johns	1100
Smith, St. Johns	1100
King, St. Johns	1100
Mugford, St. Johns	1100
for Ebbury, St. Johns	1100
Artlett, Briggs	1100



ARAB PASSES THE EASTERN STAR BY A ROUND DOZEN.

Mag Keeps Ahead of Nigger—A Great Improvement in Most Provinces—Lieut. Currell, of Hamilton I., Tops the List—Kitchener and Crawford Almost Even.

Good old Arab is the blood, and no doubt, in spite of the larger size of the East, it is twelve paces behind Arab this week. Well done, faithful Arab.

Poor old Nigger! I am afraid Hustler's La Grippe has gripped him, and left him much shaken up by it. He cannot get ahead of Mag, although it is not for the want of trying. He is only two behind; that's all—but it makes the difference.

The North West shows up splendidly this week. With some effort I think that the N. W. and the Pacific could defeat the East. I wish they would together challenge the new P.O.

Lieut. Currell, of Hamilton, takes the Championship with a tremendous leap past Kitchener. Three hundred sales is an exceptional record, and has not been touched for a long time. Shake hands, Lieutenant, and see how long you can keep the Championship.

Kitchener and Crawford take second place with 256 and 255 respectively. They are worthy Hustlers, and although second this week, both have won the laurels of victory with modest men.

There are many others who did well: The East has three names with over 200 sales each: Cadet Holden, Lieut. Long, and Mrs. Asst. Frazar. Mrs. Back, of Chatham, sold 177; Lieut. Hicks, E. O. P., 170.

We like to mention Sergt. Preston, of Spokane, who is the champion Hustler of the Pacific (180 sales). A few weeks back we printed his photo in the War Cry. He is a regular War Cry booster and never fails to get his Cry's sold. God bless him.

The Sergt.-Major of Glace Bay writes: There is a little rivalry (holly, of course) going on between the Ensign and the Secretary as to who shall sell the most War Cry's.

The Secretary, if I am rightly informed, has challenged the Ensign to single combat, the man who sells the larger number of War Cry's to be declared the winner.

Considering that Sister Wilde has been added to the boomer's list and though last coming on, is by no means the lowest boomer, your humble dust thinks it would be a good time for the Editor to get in a few extra copies of the War Cry. When the last increase was made I promised the Officer to pay for them when they would not be sold, but I have not been asked to "ante up." Now then, Mr. Editor, here is a show for you."



Brother Hustler's Vision.

Bro. Hustler had a bad toothache, which he thought was a trick of the devil to keep him from selling War Cry's.

For Band of Love Workers.

THE AMBULANCE CLASS.

CHAPTER VII.

Bandages for the Forearm and Arm.

Bandages for the forearm and arm are applied in various ways, as will be seen directly. The roller bandage

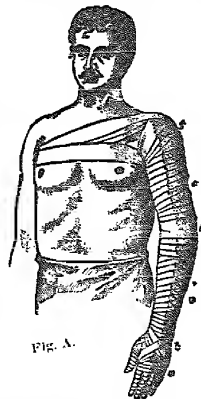


Fig. A.

is very useful here, and is the one usually employed. Fig. A. shows how the whole arm and hand may be bandaged. Each division of the arm may be taken separately, the figure still showing the correct mode of application.



Fig. B.—Showing how to bind up shoulder, hand, and elbow, and supporting the hand in a plain sling.



Fig. C.—Showing the application of support to the arm and elbow, the weight resting on the right shoulder only.



Fig. D.—Same bandage as C, only applied so that the left shoulder supports the weight.

For supporting the forearm and arm when injured, innumerable bandages have been devised, some of which are shown here, in which use is made of the square and triangular bandages.



Fig. E.—Bandage applied so that it cannot be removed by careless patient. (Useful for child dress).



Fig. F.—Sling for the arm, the weight being on both shoulders.



Fig. G.—Showing various methods of applying triangular bandages.

Fig. H. shows a very useful apparatus for applying continuous cold to an inflamed member; it may be just as easily applied to the head or lower extremity. It consists, essentially, of a vessel with ice water, a rubber tube, and a support for the arm. It will be found necessary to bandage the arm to the support.

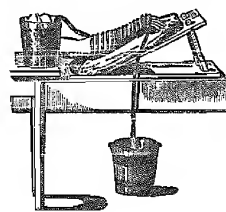


Fig. H.

Bandages for the Trunk.

Take a bandage two and one-half inches wide and eight or ten yards in length.

FIRST METHOD.—Place the beginning of the bandage over the front of the chest; pass it from the lower margin of the ribs in an obliquely upward direction to one or the other shoulder; pass the roller down over the shoulder behind to the level of



Fig. I.

the axilla, and begin making the usual spiral turns about the whole chest, drawing them snugly; each turn should overlap the preceding one by half its width. These turns should extend down as far as necessary, and should be planned to one another, and also to the strip of bandage extending over the front of the chest. The end may be confined as usual.

A second method is used, in which the ordinary reverse is made use of, as is shown in the cut, which needs no explanation.

USES.—These bandages are most often used in fractures of the ribs or their cartilages, fractures of the transverse, spinal column, and to retain dressings on any part of the chest.

A very efficient chest bandage may also be improvised by making use of a strip of muslin of whatever width may be required, and planning it snugly with safety-pins. The only objection to it being that it does not exert a regular pressure over the whole chest, unless it be very carefully applied.

In using this form of bandage, two narrow strips should pass over the shoulders, to prevent its slipping down on the abdomen.

A Godefrich Quintette.



Sister Bond. Sister Bond. Lieut. Smith. Capt. Coe. Sister McDougall.

The Young Man's Chances To-Day.

"A young man of capacity, industry, and integrity has a field for individual effort such as has never before existed in this country," writes Edward Bok of "The Times and the Young Man," in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "And success is neither harder nor easier than it ever was. Success never yet came to the haggard, and it never will. Let a young man be capable; have enterprise, be willing to work, and carry himself like a man, and he goes where he will. His success depends upon himself. No times, no conditions, no combinations of capital can stop a young man who has a determination to succeed, and who is willing to work according to the very utmost of his capacity and shrews of his strength. The real trouble is that the average young man won't work. He has got the insane notion into his head that success comes by luck; that men are made by opportunities which either come to them or are thrust upon them. And he waits for luck or a chance to come along and find him. Instead of taking a sane view of conditions and seeing with a clear mind that as trade widens opportunities increase, he takes the mistaken view that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which are keeping thousands of young men down, and will keep them down. The times are all right. It is the young man who finds fault with them who is not."

"The world is all chances," said one statesman to another, on the eve of a great political crisis, "and ten to one of them are in favor of the man who is not to be frightened by anything." I like the sentiment, though not particularly fond of the term "chances," because it seems to shut a Providence; but it is true, that ten to one are in favor of the man who is not easily frightened by any difficulties he may have to encounter in the work of soul-saving.—Caughy.

